

THE CITY COUSINS; OR, THE ART-STUDENT IN BOSTON.

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

How the subjoined letters came into my possession it is useless to relate; they bear internal evidence of genuineness, and I feel sure all who may read them will share the comfort I take in believing that a spirit fresh and sunny as this Kitty Clover proves herself, still dwells upon the earth—a prophecy of good which may yet come to us all.

"Boston, February 3d, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER—In the great city at last, safe and well! I hasten to tell you this—but have not taken off my bonnet yet, am tired, sleepy, and all things look new and strange. I felt rather dismally just now when I first shut the door of my little room, and looked down into the narrow, noisy street; but I looked *up*, and there were our own home-stars in the sky—Ariadne's crown watching all these brick walls, just as it watches the dear pine-grove at home. Those last words of yours were so true, mother! The same *heaven* above us both, however widely we may separate on earth. Good night.

KITTY CLOVER."

"February, 13th.

"DEAREST MOTHER—Homesick! Pray don't worry about that; if my letter gave you the impression it was a wrong one. At first I was too tired, and then too busy, and now I am too full of hope for homesickness.

"First of all, let me tell you, mother, that I shall re-enclose the bank-bill you sent. Spend it in little comforts for yourself, and consider it the first of many a remittance I'll make home for that same purpose. I don't need or want a new bonnet. Why I am tempted to accuse you of extravagance; didn't I pay seventy-five cents for having the old one whitened and lined? Besides, in a city one can hardly look so shabby, but she will find some one looking a little more so—I have so much company in my shabbiness, that it is a real blessing—makes me feel at home. And then isn't it enough to know that my soul is fresh and gay, and the humble bonnet is only a droll mask outside of a *splendid* spirit—yes, splendid, mother! for I feel so strong and brave sometimes that I reverence myself.

"I have been admitted into the School of Design, and am only too well pleased with my studies; I can hardly spare a thought for anything else. A number of lines and curves is given us, and each of the class may combine them with whatever figure occurs to her; over these combinations I work all day, wake up in the night with a new idea, and lie there in the dark bringing my lines and curves together, with a success I cannot copy by day. At the table I can only see the *angles* at which the knives and forks are placed, and the *curve* of the water as it is poured into my cup; in the street it is just the same—goers and comes, corners and walls stand to me for so much straightness and so much undulation. Only the stars keep their old, own place in my mind, and every clear night Ariadne's crown still rises with a thought of the pine trees at home, and the dear mother within sound of their whispering.

"But don't be frightened, and imagine that I am going to lose myself in a dry mathematician; if you could hear my drawing-master talk, any such fear would vanish; he never takes my book without laughing, for he says I shall have to pass a long apprenticeship in narrow, dusky streets, before I shall learn to make my lines as straight and my dots as tame as those of more successful scholars. He says I do not adapt my means to my ends—that I put into a carpet or table-cloth pattern, the great sweep of oak-boughs, the bold, brave uplifting of the hillsides, with their meek declivities, and the glorious rounding of the morning sky. But never mind! I'll smother down the *genius for now*, and make as narrow lines and as obedient curves as the most citified, see if I don't! Besides, this excellent Mr. Elton makes the speech half for the sake of saying something poetical; he is a good teacher, but just handsome and just gifted enough to be vain and lackadaisical—leaves musical rhymes—though they don't mean much—within my drawing-books; parts his hair in the middle, to look statuesque, and is proud of his white hands.

"No, mother, I mean to abide by our good old rule of seeking always, in all things, the balance-point between extremes, and making

'The limits of my power
The bounds unto my will.'

I bless you for teaching this, and all the other wisdom she possesses, to your own KITTY."

"February 23d, 1853.

"Now, DEAR MOTHER, confess that I am the most obedient of children. I have, to please you, made the first call at my aunt Winnersley's, and prosperously enough it ended, after all.

"Oh, they live splendidly! You could put our whole precious little cottage into one corner of their drawing-room—but I'll begin at the beginning.

"I dressed, of course, in my very go-to-meeting clothes, the old India-scarf and all; and put your rings on, for though they couldn't be seen under my glove, I thought perhaps I should *feel* finer to know they were there. But it is surprising how the presence of those who live for, and believe in nothing else but wealth, takes the confidence out of us—the poverty-stricken. 'Till I reached their door, no one in Beacon street felt more entire self-respect, or better pleased with their own appearance; but when the heavy mahogany door swung inwards, directly my fingers touched the silver bell-pull, and the respectable-looking porter stood waiting, it was like magic, the revulsion of feeling that came over me! I felt shorter, and smaller, and dowdier, and more countryfied than I had supposed possible for your independent daughter.

"Well! Monsieur le Porteur, after eyeing me from head to foot, stretched forth a salver for my card, and led me to the parlor.

"To do them justice, my cousins soon dissipated my fears; without being cordial and earnest, they were affable and considerate, and fortunately there happened to be no other guest present; I almost fell in love with the youngest and prettiest, Mary.

"There are three sisters; the two eldest, for all their fine dress, looked old as the hills; but were full of vivacity and intelligence, and were really kind to me—asked after you, said I must come often and see them, and showed me all about their parlor and library, both richly and elegantly furnished; some of their pictures are very famous, they say, and cost incredible sums of money.

"I am glad that I went to aunt Winnersley's, for their kindness has taught me to think better of rich relations. I *am* rustio, both in dress and manner, and the consciousness of this makes me so awkward at times, that I smile at myself, while my cousins would blush for me.

"But the strangest thing is, I left Beacon street feeling more self-possessed, and that myself was better worth possessing, than when I entered it. We should not boast, I know, but it is *so* hard here, not to pity people; they seem thoroughly contented with the little possessions they have collected, and to forget that anything can exist beyond or above these; and when we come to think of it, the fine, high ceiling of their drawing-room doesn't reach as far as the sky that bends over our little home, nor is it curved as gracefully as those arches in the pine-grove near; and their piano-music, though, mother, it was exquisite, did not as deeply stir my soul as the pines' low murmuring has done, when we strolled there at evening, you and I, and the stars watched us through their inky boughs. Those heavy, elegant carpets don't look half as clean and fresh as the carpet of brown, filmy leaves which the wind keeps swept and evened in our wood; and the velvet-covered seats are not so soft and springy as the crowded clusters of queen moss *there*.

"But how I am running on! I never know where to stop when I begin to talk about dear home. The cousins bade me good-bye, with a little counsel about my dress, which I needed, perhaps, and therefore received gratefully.

"Considering our near relationship, their manner *might* annoy me, but it doesn't, one jot—I am so proud. For all your teaching about humility, precious mother, I find there is no such staff to guide me in these city ways as self-respect—for which confession I shall expect a lecture about meekness from *somebody*! Well, if I didn't need, you would not send it; only let me whisper that I carry about continually the thought of an *example* more convincing than volumes of lectures: 'the gospel of *your* acts goes very far,' my mother.

"Write soon, and try not to miss KITTY."

"March 1st, 1853.

"Now, be sure, mother, that *every* week you answer the above questions—so far, at least, as they relate to your own comfort and happiness; and in return, I will be egotistical as you wish.

"Think of it! I, Kitty Clover, have been to a party at my rich aunt's, where her daughters invited me urgently, bestowed a tarletan dress for the occasion, and had their own seamstress make it—weren't they good!

"The party was made for their brother, who has been finishing his studies in Germany, and has just returned. Lately I've heard of nothing but 'splendid brother Will;' he might not notice me at first, they said; I must consider that half

the girls in Boston were in love with him. And indeed I must not be disappointed if I received very little attention from any one, as city people think more (they say) of talent, wealth and high connections than of youth and beauty. Accidentally I glanced across at a great mirror, as my cousin Eunice made this speech, laying her pale and shrivelled but jewelled hand on mine, and the picture I saw there recalled to me something of Tennyson's—

'A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats of arms.'

"Well, I went, without very brilliant anticipations of enjoyment; but very soon found it a privilege to be admitted on *any* terms to such elegant and refined society as thronged my uncle's house. We like to see all sides of the world in which we live. Such a dazzle of gas-light, such glittering of diamonds, such rustling of brocade, such waving of feathers, and in every nook such clusters of rare flowers! I was bewildered at first, and resolved to stay in a corner, contenting myself with watching and listening, for there were lovely faces among the guests, and several distinguished people whom it was pleasant to be near; unknown to them, I could touch the hem of their garments and it seemed as if virtue might come to me.

"Cousin Mary, the youngest and the beauty, insisted upon drawing me out, whispered that I looked better than half the brocaded and velveted belles, and introduced me as her 'country cousin,' with an air half boastful, half apologetic. I wished she had allowed me to remain in the corner, but obeyed her wish, and was shown to every one. Last of all, to splendid Will. And now let me tell you something wonderful, that from the moment we were introduced, Sir Will devoted the attention it was plain to see all those belles would gladly have accepted, to his little country cousin! I suppose the poor man was puzzled as to which among them he should gratify, and so leaving all, took me. And then I find that these rich people, when they undertake to be generous and *complaisant*, do excel.

"You would never know that Will lived in a city, and was rich and splendid, he has so much common sense, and then he understands that delicate art of flattery which has just sufficient flavor of truth to make it agreeable, instead of, like the flattery of vulgar people, nauseating one. 'You little Clover,' Will said, as we parted, 'you are worth all the camellias and tea-roses in Christendom—your soul is fresh and dewy as a field of grass in a June morning—don't let the

city spoil you, cousin, as it has spoiled us!' Somehow I half believed him. Ah! mother, when shall I grow meek as the angel in my home!

"But it is only right that I should send you the record of my successes and my compliments, for all I am worth you made me. KIRRY."

"March 30th.

"DEAR MOTHER—'Have I lost all interest in the Winnersley's?' No, indeed! I have not mentioned them in the last few letters, because I had so much to say about my studies, and about our home. The cousins are just as kind as ever, and Will, if possible, improves upon acquaintance. He is an enthusiast regarding art, has brought home some fine pictures; and then he has access in places which are open but to few—has taken me to look at many private collections, and all the public ones—we are quite at home in the Athenæum Gallery. On rainy days, we go into the Museum and look through the rows of queer, old portraits by Copley, Stuart, and others, at least so catalogued. It troubles Will a little that I care more for the mummies, and skeletons, and Egyptian antiquities, than for those old sign-board faces. Then we go into auction-rooms, and to print-stores. With the help of pictures, we find at Colton's, Will reviews his travels for me, until I feel as if I had really made the 'grand tour' myself. Bare outlines he always fills up, and colors with his vivid language—he is doing more to improve my taste than the drawing-master.

"But we have more than a few playful disputes about those pictures. A mere name in the catalogue goes three-quarters of the way toward securing praise, with Will; it doesn't go a hair's breadth with me. I don't care how many faint, fat young women, with fady eyes, and homely babies, may be labelled 'Raphael,' and looked upon with reverence as his ideal of the Madonna; so long as my own ideal is more beautiful, I mean to abide by it. Then there are Cleopatras, painted by French artists, disgustingly real, and more disagreeable for the scantiness of their drapery, though if they were shrouded in close dominoes it would hardly conceal their earthiness. I have seen people stand admiringly before these who would not enter the sculpture gallery below, where a glance at Crawford's Orpheus, or the Apollo, would give more pleasure and more benefit than a life-lease of this worn-out or sinful coloring.

"I find by listening to other's remarks, in these frequent visits of ours, that what they especially admire in pictures is to have them finely finished,

the paint evenly laid on, than to have them look like flesh and skin, and have good hands, feet and arms. In landscape, there must be the usual number of usual-shaped bushes—don't often get up to trees—some pretty clouds and a fine-sounding name in the catalogue.

"Will has a fady thing he calls a 'Claude,' which he has lent the Athenæum awhile, for the sake of benefitting humanity by its contemplation. I cannot persuade him that it were better to invest the thousands it cost in a little country-house, for the hot days, every one of which would unroll above it boundless sky-scapes, no corner of which would own this faded piece for a neighbor—melting, filmy clouds, miles long, immense in height, and glorious in the grandeur of their draping lines, yet tender in texture and true as the heart of a snow-drop. Skies so boundless they make us think of the love of our dear Father God, embracing all—calm and radiant as His goodness, and the peace of His *real* heaven. Claude, forsooth! I haven't yet found a key that opens the secret of what there is so desirable in this fine thing they call wealth.

"We have as much of human nature as of art in these picture-galleries, and have many a good laugh on our homeward way, comparing what we have seen and heard among the lookers-on, I entertaining all the while sly suspicions that cousin Kitty is as rustic and unsophisticated in the eyes of Sir Will, as more recent comers from the country seem to me. A group of speculators will discuss a Swiss landscape, of stream and mountain, and laughingly calculate how much timber, and how large a water-power the real scene must contain. A sentimental-looking maiden will turn with a sigh of relief from pictures of age and want, to this same Alpine scenery, with its wild, fresh, natural beauty; how I long to tell her that there's wilder, loftier, lovelier scenery in Boston; indeed between brick walls buried in human hearts! But we heard the most amusing criticism last evening, from a genuine Yankee, whose city friend had persuaded him to view the Dusseldorf Gallery, because it was fashionable. He was pleased with the landscapes, which he evidently compared with things at home, would say, 'Why it's equal to Saddleback,' or 'Roaring-Brook is nothing to it—golly how the water comes!' and 'I say for't you could hide the *hull* of Windsor Mountain in one of them caves!' But the historical and household pieces, and the Allegories, disgusted him.

"See them wimmen," he said, "clustered around that Martyrdom of Huss—it's the fashion, and so they admire to look at the

scene, but where's the lady that would go to a real, live *hanging* now-a-days? they'd draw the curtain down a'feard of seeing the prisoner pass their window. Oh, no, 'tain't dela-*kit*, they couldn't see that. I've been listening to the talk of them two fellers with the bow across their throats; why they say that picture at the head of the room, that man's face—cost an ocean of money—it is very old: in my opinion the man had better have took his money to a water doctor and got his complexion cured afore he had it painted. What flesh! they say: I wanted to tell 'em, so are they just *such* flesh, and so's any beggar. Why I could find better pictures than half these in the street—with life in 'em—and no quarter to pay for the sight; all these boots and jugs now, and these old fellers at the table—I've got enough of such at home—genuine ones, no pictures. *That*,' pointing to some wild scenery, 'would make a first-rate farm, if it was cleared; but now it's only fit to be painted, waste land. Well! it's a curious world, one man takes the land and clears it and plants a crop; another goes and makes a copy of it, stumps and weeds and all—each to his taste! As for that Desdymony, with her great black eyes, I've seen blue ones that were enough sight prettier; and if a sister of *mine* had fallen in love with a nigger black as Othello, I wouldn't have owned her, much less have had her painted. How I wish I had the ruling of the world for awhile, I'd set these artist fellers to doing what's useful; make them rake together, and burn up the stumps and weeds and broken jugs and torn bunnits, instead of painting them; and if the wimmin wanted to see a bon-fire, they might look at *that*, instead of waiting to find how much like flesh Mr. Huss was when they burnt him. Yes, and I'd set these Desdymonys to cooking and making shirts; then they wouldn't have time to fall in love with niggers and disgrace their family.'

"Cousin Will thinks Jonathan's wish an excellent argument against my theories—or rather my unbeliefs—my want of reverence for mere names, dates and precedents. But I am no nearer Jonathan's belief than his—only I *do* insist that it is foolish to value faded copies, and overlook the living spirit of what they strove once to represent.

"You will agree with me here, mother, I know, for you agree with every belief that is just and true.

Kitty."

"May 1st, 1853.

"DEAR MOTHER—This spring weather makes me almost (not quite) homesick; the Winnersleys

drove me to Brookline the other day; you have been there and know what a lovely town it is—what wide green lawns, and what chesnut and elm-groves meet over on every side—then the little brooks seemed so glad of escaping from their winter crust of ice, and went dancing, sparkling and singing along merry as childhood; then was the great sweep of sky such as we have at home, and there were gardens that made me think of our own. By the way, don't forget to tell Wilson about pruning the sweet-briar, and you must watch while he does it, or he will cut it away too much; then have the lilies and forget-me-nots transplanted or they will die—the roots crowd so closely; and have seeds of mignonne and evening-primrose planted, so that I can think of you every evening, as seated on the door-step with the old fragrance about it, and white flowers opening in the twilight like spirit's smiles. Oh, what wouldn't I give to be kneeling there on the fresh earth this minute, in my sun-bonnet and garden-gloves, with my seed-box and trowel, you in the doorway watching me! Never mind, that's one of the *gloriousnesses* to come.

"Forgive me, dear mother, if my letters grow shorter and shorter. I have so much to do, that I'm continually wishing for another pair of hands and eyes—I could employ a dozen of each. Good bye.

KITTY."

"June, 1853.

"BEST OF MOTHERS—Who could the artist be that insisted upon painting our cottage, and succeeded so well? Why didn't you ask his name? I always thought the place pretty and picturesque: our grey roof almost hid in vines, and the continual odor of sweet-briar and mignonne, and the lilies—some of which you always keep in blossom—lilies of the valley, day lilies, white, and yellow, and Ethiopian, and you, precious mother, best lily of all, with your calm white face that has smiled just as calmly through so much sorrow with your beautiful life—just as beautiful through perplexity and loss. Oh, if I don't succeed in becoming *somebody*, with such a guide, an angel watching in my home, I shall deserve annihilation! Did the artist have so much good taste as to put *you* in his picture? My cousin Will paints; very well, too; and sketches gloriously—I want him to see our house and its inmates, and he has promised that some day he will."

"Boston, June 15th.

"WONDER of wonders, mother! I'm all bewildered: the artist who came to you was splendid Will, and he is sitting at my feet this

minute, laughing because my pen flies so fast: and says he *must* have all that's wanting to complete his picture of our home, and that—that—why, mother, only think of it! the little country girl learning to draw table-cloth patterns, that she may earn daily bread, to become the wife of Will Winnersley. It is absurd, don't you think so? His sisters would be disappointed, even if they were too polite for confessing it; and then I should mortify him continually, I know so little about etiquette. Have I not done right in saying, decidedly, 'No?' But he is splendid. In haste,

KITTY."

"June 17th.

"DEAR MOTHER—Such excitements as have crowded into the few days since I wrote! My dear, polite, patronizing cousins have all but torn me in fragments; for what reason you can imagine.

"Will announced to them the fact that he had offered hand, heart, and fortune to their *protegee*; and did not tell of the refusal which he had refused to take. So they accuse me of ingratitude, of treachery, and several other vices.

"How strangely these hearts of ours are made! You must know, mother, that every fibre of mine has ached; for I love Will, and yet am resolved to renounce him: for all this, I have wanted to laugh sometimes in the midst of our tragedy, there is something droll about the anger of others when we are calm ourselves. 'How two of these anagogical mortals,' as 'Margaret' said, 'can get mad with each other, is a mystery to me.'

"This wrath of the Winnersleys is so unlike the expressions of displeasure to which I've been accustomed: the withholding of your smile has been my heaviest punishment, it has made the sunshine look sad, and changed the song of the pines into sobs and sighs over my fault: but this fire and fury makes me laugh, not exactly at my cousins, for the anger seems like an evil spirit that has entered them from without, and rages and recedes till our smile of derision changes to pitying tears as we watch in wonderment. You would be astonished at their violence and vulgarity; *your* daughter 'disgrace' such sisters!"

"Boston, June 18th.

"DEAR MOTHER—If the wrath was droll, its subsiding is droller still: Will, in arranging some old papers, has discovered important secrets. You know my father and uncle Winnersley were partners in business; that in some dispute the partnership was dissolved; before any settlement could be made father died; and while one partner

was left a millionaire, the other left the pittance which I have been working to increase.

"Will has found, and declares openly that his father defrauded mine; that they separated because the former had involved the firm in those ruinous speculations which uncle Winnersley pretended were all father's doing; and in consequence his widow must suffer: so my rich aunt is penniless, and my dear mother in the little cottage is a millionaire. I shall be home the day after to-morrow—for there's no shadow of doubt regarding all these things.

KITTY CLOVER."

"P. S.—Will says he shall keep our little cottage, if only for the Claude sky-scapes that

stretch above it. He talks as if all were decided; and *will* not comprehend that my mother's approval is as necessary as my own. The cousins assure us that from the very first they fancied me; and they *have* been kind. Mary will accompany us home, for the sake of seeing dear aunt Clover."

I have selected only such letters as mentioned the Winnersleys, for the sake of the little thread of romance which runs through them. I will finish my work by assuring you, reader! that Kitty Winnersley thinks for herself and lives for others, as fearlessly and generously as ever did Kitty Clover.

THE FANCY MATCH.

BY FANNY FANE.

MARIA GREENWOOD was a very intelligent and accomplished young lady, but of rather too romantic a turn of mind. This feature in her character she most discovered in her discussions of matrimony with Mrs. Atkins, in whose family she was living. On a certain occasion, she heard Mrs. Atkins make some casual remark, to which she replied, "Why, Mrs. Atkins, I have often heard you say that love is the basis of matrimonial happiness. Have you changed your opinion?"

To this remark Mrs. Atkins replied, "By no means, Maria. What has induced you to think that I have?"

"Why," said Maria, "just as I stepped into the room, I heard you say to Mr. Jones, 'that love would do very well, but that something else was requisite.'"

"And that is just as I think, Maria, and Mr. Jones agrees with me in this opinion."

"Certainly I do," said Mr. Jones. "There must be love, but there must be something else besides love—something to esteem as well as fancy."

"So I think, Mr. Jones, though Maria hardly agrees with me."

Possibly Mrs. Atkins had expressed herself a little ambiguously, for Maria insisted that she was not quite consistent with herself, or that she herself had hitherto misunderstood her.

However this may have been, Mrs. Atkins had not much faith in romantic love or *fancy* matches. She had seen more of the world than Maria, and took a more correct view of matters and things than she. But Maria did not think so—she was sure she judged correctly, for she judged according to the dictates of nature—so, at least, she said; and "nature she knew was infallible."

"What could be more wise," she often said, "than to be directed by reason? This, certainly, was true philosophy—the basis on which all of our principles and conduct should be made to depend. For, what was reason given to us for, if we were not to be guided by it? Experience, indeed, is a good thing, when it can be brought into requisition, but individual cases necessarily differ, and, therefore, experience is frequently, in fact generally, of no avail. No one could be

guided by another's experience. Every one must be his own director; relying, of course, on the light which he could obtain, but that light was chiefly derivable from reason and philosophy."

Such were Maria's reasonings with Mrs. Atkins; and at their conclusion, she was very apt to think that she had the best of the argument. Nor did Mrs. Atkins very strenuously endeavor to convince her to the contrary, knowing that a little more time and experience would do it more effectually than she could.

It will not be thought strange that Maria, romantic as she was, looked at things through a very false medium. Her own sophistical reasonings satisfied herself; and if not convincing to others, she thought it their fault, not hers. Things, indeed, which were obscure to others, she regarded as perfectly plain. She could determine any matter *a priori*—could theorize to perfection.

To Mrs. Atkins, therefore, she would often say, "Why, you seem to be very skeptical—you don't confide in anything. I should almost conclude that you were a Pyrrhonist!"

At remarks of this kind, Mrs. Atkins would only smile, and replying say, "Maria, when you have seen more of the world, you will think more as I do. If I am too skeptical, you are too romantic! Your bright sunshine will after a time darken—your calm, smooth sea be ruffled with waves!"

A few years before this time, Maria had lost her parents, and had, in consequence, been placed in the family of Mrs. Atkins, and as the result of this relation to her family, Mrs. Atkins felt a special interest in her welfare.

It happened, one day, that as the family were discussing the subject of marriage, Maria remarked to Mrs. Atkins, "Now I have seen something to favor my views of matrimony, if they are romantic."

"And what have you seen, Maria?"

"Why, I have seen in Silliman's Journal an account of a love affair just to my notion."

"And what is it, pray, Maria?"

"Professor Silliman relates, that a gentleman, on a certain occasion, whilst attending a church, happening to be highly delighted with the music, cast his eyes up to the gallery, and there he saw

a young lady, that struck his fancy so that, though a perfect stranger to the lady, he determined to seek her acquaintance, and to address her. This, too, he did, and he married her, and the result was a very happy marriage. Now, Mrs. Atkins, wasn't that a *fancy* match?"

"I think it was; and a very *hazardous* one."

"Hazardous!" said Maria, "every match is a hazardous one. If I should ever be married, I should expect to run *some* risk—who doesn't?"

"Why, Maria," said Mrs. Atkins, "I am sorry to hear you talk so, for persons who expect hazards, always meet them, or if not always, usually do."

Mrs. Atkins, said Maria, "you are too apt to look at the dark side of things; I always look on the bright side, and then if the worst comes, I suffer only the real evils, not the imaginary ones."

True, Maria," said Mrs. Atkins, "but sometimes, when we anticipate evils, we take measures to avoid them."

"And sometimes, too," said Maria, "when we anticipate them, they never come; and all our anxiety in such a case is useless."

"I am aware of that," said Mrs. Atkins, "but still I consider it best to consult probabilities."

"Ah! that is too *mathematical* for me," said Maria, "I would rather do as the mariner does—go to sea at a venture——"

"And get wrecked!"

"Ah! that *might* be, but it might not."

"Hundreds have been wrecked even in matrimony."

"True, and hundreds of sailors, too; but would it not look amazingly foolish for the sailor to sit down and calculate his chances at sea?"

"But the sailor does not go to sea without *some* calculation."

"And of what value is it? For how can he tell, beforehand, what the weather will be? how many storms he must contend with? how many dangers encounter? Or, afterward, how so delight to speak of his exposure, or how look upon himself with so much self-gratulation?"

"But, Maria, the storm at sea is soon over, and the danger past, but when trouble arises in the matrimonial life it becomes permanent; at least, there is danger of its becoming so."

"And the greater the danger, the more *romantic*," said Maria.

"Then, on your principle," said Mrs. Atkins, "I think there need be little or no love at all!"

"Oh," said Maria, "I don't carry things so far as that; only I would love *at a venture*!"

"Then if you fancy a man *that* is enough."

"Yes, just as the gentleman did the lady in the choir of singers—that was a lovely marriage! I should congratulate myself on having a similar good fortune."

"Why, Maria, would you marry a man without knowing his good qualities?"

"Indeed I would if I fancied him!"

"Well, then, I shall have to *weep* for you."

"Yes, ma'am, tears of joy!"

Without continuing the conversation any farther, Mrs. Atkins retired from the room, having at the time to call at an acquaintances on some business of special importance. Whilst she was thus employed, a gentleman, who had never seen Maria, took occasion, in company with a friend of his, to call in a moment, professedly to see Mrs. Atkins, but really to take a look at Maria. Learning that Mrs. Atkins was out at the time, the friend of the gentleman in question, took the liberty to ask for Miss Greenwood, being himself acquainted with her. Accordingly, Miss Greenwood received the gentlemen, and was highly pleased with the call with which she had been honored. The stranger, Mr. Mendon, was equally pleased—Maria struck his fancy most completely! He was, however, "to leave the town soon, much to his regret," as he said, and much too to Maria's, as it seemed. For now she had had the opportunity of gratifying her taste in the way of romance—the stranger was the very beau ideal of perfection! So handsome, so entertaining, so intelligent, so wonderfully polite—for the first time in her life she was deeply in love! No one knew it indeed but herself—but so it was. "And would the gentleman call again? Should she see him once more? She hoped so—she almost knew she should—and yet why did she not entertain him more agreeably?—why was she so cold and formal? But perhaps he would call—if he did she promised to herself to do better the next time."

In the meantime, Mrs. Atkins having attended to her engagements, returned, and Maria informed her of the call which she had received.

"And how did you like Mr. Mendon?" said Mrs. Atkins.

"Oh!" said Maria, "he is a lovely man!"

"What makes you think so?" said Mrs. Atkins.

"Think!" said Maria—"I don't think—I *know* he is a lovely man!"

"And how could you know it, since you never saw him before?"

"Couldn't I know that the sun shines, though I had never seen it before?" said Maria.

"I rather think you could," said Mrs. Atkins, "and I think you could hardly have been more

dazzled by the sun, the first time you saw it, than you are now by this stranger."

"Don't you think any one can know another by intuition, Mrs. Atkins?"

"I think we are often greatly deceived by mankind—especially by strangers."

"And didn't you ever hear of any lady's marrying a stranger?"

"To be sure I have—and worse things than that afterward!"

"Well, I don't love to prognosticate evil Mrs. Atkins."

"Nor do I, but I love to avoid it."

Maria saw that Mrs. Atkins was not going to fall in with her views, and, therefore, concluded not to discuss the matter any farther at the time. She hoped, however, that Mr. Mendon would call again, and that Mrs. Atkins would see him.

After a few days, Mr. Mendon made it convenient to be in the town of Western again, and, of course, again paid his respects to Maria.

At this time Mrs. Atkins was at home, as Maria had wished that she might be; and she saw the agreeable Mr. Mendon.

Now Mr. Mendon was a very agreeable gentleman, and a very handsome man too. Besides he was a man of the world, and consequently very taking in his manners. Professedly he was very wealthy, and of course full of business.

Maria's imagination was now filled with glowing pictures! "One of the gentleman's estates was certainly an Eden! On it were lovely landscapes—crystal streams—sweet-scented bowers and fruits of every variety and hue; all indeed that could charm the eye, or gratify the taste! And was there any hope or probability that Maria Greenwood could ever come into possession of this promised land?"

Yes, indeed! The gentleman, the self-same Mr. Mendon had, after due time, solicited the hand of the romantic Maria; and she had most willingly consented to give it to him!

"Oh!" said she to herself, "this is to be a most perfect fancy match!—just the thing that I have always coveted. And will it not annihilate all of Mrs. Atkins' theories about matrimony? I hope it may, indeed: I do, with all my heart!"

At this moment, Mr. Jones happened to call at Mrs. Atkins', and having made inquiry in regard to Mr. Mendon, and learned his character, he said to Mrs. Atkins, "Do you know anything about the reputation of Mr. Mendon?"

"No," said she, "I do not. He appears to be quite a gentleman."

"He is one of the *light-fingered* gentry," said Mr. Jones.

"He is!" said Mrs. Atkins, "I am very sorry to hear it—for I was hoping that he was just the person for Maria."

"And ought you not to tell Maria of the risk that she is about to run?"

"It would be of no avail, Mr. Jones. She would only be the more anxious to encounter it."

"Is it possible?" said he.

"Certainly it is," replied Mrs. Atkins, "for she imagines that she shall have so much influence over her husband, as that she can completely control him!"

"Just as Phaeton did his steeds! For who ever heard of such a thing as a change in the fixed habits of a man by any influence short of divine? Neither a lady, married nor unmarried, is competent for such a task."

"Maria thinks that *she* is, and no one could convince her otherwise. And besides in matters of this sort, you know, that it is the easiest of all things to get the ill-will of the person by speaking against the one whom she loves. Still it may be my duty to say a word in the way of caution, and therefore I will do it, although I know it will be perfectly idle."

Accordingly Mrs. Atkins took occasion to say to Maria, that she felt a great deal of interest in her happiness, and that she was very anxious that she should do well in her matrimonial relations. To this Maria replied, that she knew that what she said was true, and that she felt greatly indebted to Mrs. Atkins for her kind feelings.

"Would you be willing then," said Mrs. Atkins, "that I should suggest to you that you ought to be better acquainted with Mr. Mendon before marrying him? It seems to me that you hardly know his character."

"Why, I know the *man*," said Maria, "is not this enough? He is certainly a gentleman."

"But suppose he spends his nights at the gaming-table?"

"Oh! I should expect him to have more regard for his wife than to do that."

"And your expectations would hardly be realized, for the tendency of habits is from bad to worse."

"And do you not know that a lady can exert any influence over her husband?"

"Oh! yes, most certainly—but reformations from bad practices are of all things the most difficult. A relapse is more likely to recur than a recovery."

"Why you would make out a lady to be a mere cipher."

"Oh! no, Maria, but ladies cannot do things impossible."

"But do you not remember, Mrs. Atkins, the case of Mr. Vinton? Before he married he was a confirmed inebriate—now he is the model of sobriety!"

"And may he not yet fall?"

"Oh! dear Mrs. Atkins, there come in the shadows again. I wonder if you ever saw a clear sky."

Mrs. Atkins saw that it was useless to argue the point with Maria, and that as she was charmed so she must be destroyed by the serpent!

Accordingly, in a few weeks, Maria was married to Mendon, and all was fair and promising. Mr. Mendon was a most faithful and devoted husband, and Maria congratulated herself on the happy choice which she had made. Having lived in the country remote from any large city, she was now transferred to the vicinity of Petersville, a large town—a circumstance that pleased her exceedingly.

In these circumstances she longed to inform her friend, Mrs. Atkins, that her former theoretic views were now realized, and, therefore, based upon a substantial foundation. They had been tested, and very happily too.

Accordingly she sent Mrs. Atkins an invitation to pay her a visit. This invitation Mrs. Atkins accepted, and congratulated Maria on her good fortune. Still she was not quite satisfied that things would always continue so. She saw, as she imagined, some indications of an unfavorable character. But she kept silent, merely watching the progress of events.

Now it happened soon after this that the great races were to come off, and that the former associates of Mendon were to collect together in Petersville. The trying time, therefore, was now at hand. Mr. Mendon was to be exposed to temptation. Of this, however, Maria knew nothing, except the fact that the races were to take place.

Meeting with his boon companions, he was, of course, solicited to join with them in their sports. He did so. He was urged to try his hand. "The descent to Avernus is easy." He complied with the solicitations of his tempters. He became a party—a loser—ruined! In the course of a few hours his own means were forfeited and Maria's too! Her entire *fifty thousand* was scattered to the winds.

In the meantime, Mrs. Atkins had returned to her home, and informed the anxious inquirers about Maria, that she seemed to have done well.

Nor was Maria immediately aware of what had recently transpired in relation to her husband's affairs. He, it was true, was apparently quite

ill at ease—but assigned some little ailment as the cause, and thus kept her from undue anxiety.

But rumor did not long delay conveying the sad intelligence to Maria. It came, and came with a vengeance! At first he staked his own property, then hers! Her entire fifty thousand was beyond recall! *hers*, no more!

Maria could not believe it. "Oh! no—it was impossible! It was a slur on the character of Mendon—a fabrication to injure his good name! He was too much of a *gentleman* to be so culpable! It was all a lie!" So she said—believed—hoped!

Alas! for Maria, her romance had now reached its maximum. Her large fortune had been converted into money—staked—lost!

And with the loss of her fortune, her husband lost his love for *her*, and bid her, at heart, a heartless adieu!

"Oh! my dear husband," said she, "do you not still love me?"

"Why should I," said he, "you reproach me for my misfortunes?"

"No, indeed," said she, "I do not—I sympathize with you—that is all."

"I need none of your sympathy," said he—"keep it for yourself!"

"My dear husband, can you talk so to me now? A few months ago, I gave you my heart, my hand, my fortune!"

"And I wish you had them all back again," said he, "for I want neither of them!"

Maria said no more—indeed she was scarcely able to say this—she saw that her romance had indeed ruined her—that her fancy had led her astray—astray to her utter desolation!

Retiring to her room, she threw herself into her rocking-chair, and wept like a child. Here almost frantic she uttered, "Mrs. Atkins! Mrs. Atkins! Oh! that I had listened to your wise counsels! I should never have thus been the wreck of folly!"

A few weeks after, Mrs. Atkins came to Petersville to reside. In a few days she took occasion to call and see Maria, and to express her sympathy for her calamities.

Glad, indeed, was Maria once more to see Mrs. Atkins; for she knew that she should now have one to condole with her. On meeting with Mrs. Atkins she fell on her knees, and with tears in her eyes, she cried, "Oh! Mrs. Atkins, can you forgive me—can you?"

"Yes, romantic girl!" cried Mrs. Atkins, "yes, and more than forgive you, I can *weep* with you."

"Oh!" said Maria, "how thankful I am that I still have *one* friend—one too so dear, so kind, so good!"

“But, Maria, how do you live through all of your trials? Can you bear them?”

“I *could*,” she replied, “oh! Mrs. Atkins, I could, if my husband only *loved* me!”

“Well, dear Maria, there is *one* that loves you—and one that ever will—and whilst she has a home *you* shall have one, or a penny, the half of it shall be yours!”

“Oh! how kind you are,” said Maria, “too kind for a poor maniac girl!”

Fortunately for Maria she had a rich relative, who, soon after her calamities, bestowed upon her a little cottage *as her own*, and *there* she now lives kindly remembered by her dear friend Mrs. Atkins, and still saying, “Oh! I could bear it all if my husband only *loved* me!”

SISTER MARY'S COURTSHIP.

BY FANNIE MORETON.

"PRAY tell me what you are reckoning up in that busy brain of yours, Louise? Be careful that you don't go to counting your chickens before they are hatched, like that unfortunate milk-maid grandma used to tell us of. Let that be a salutary lesson to you, sister mine, never to indulge in day dreams or build foundationless castles in the air."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mary, for your sage advice. Perhaps some day or other I may profit thereby. But my thoughts just now had very little to do with either milk-maids or chickens. I was wandering mentally in a higher sphere—calculating how many years my charming sister had been a wife."

"Ah! Lucy dear, that reminds me, did I never tell you the history of my courtship? For I now recollect you were travelling with papa in Europe in that time: and though five years have passed since I became a faithful helpmate to my liege and lord, yet you have never deigned to visit us in our western home until the present summer."

"You know very well *why* I have not, Mary. While inclination has often bidden me, duty has peremptorily called another way."

"Never mind bringing up an endless tirade of excuses now, but just please touch the bell, and tell Kate to take Maggie and Edward a walk to their grandma's, and I will commence."

Very little did that darling sister of mine look like a wife and mother, with her soft brown hair parted on her fair brow, and her eyes as bright and blue as ever—and as she stood before the dressing-glass, she laughed gaily and exclaimed, as if speaking aloud the thoughts that were at that moment passing through my mind.

"I don't look so very old, do I, Lou, though I have been married five years? I'm sure my cheeks are as rosy as ever. Oh, Lou, how I have wanted to look pale sometimes, because then, you know, one looks far more intellectual. Instead of that, I always had such a bright color like any farmer's daughter. But one thing is true, the 'cares of the household,' as aunt Ophelia says, don't trouble me much, for Nannie does everything so well——"

"But, Mary, I can see no very intimate connection between her doings and your courtship, so if you ever intend to begin, pray do."

"So I will, love, only have a little patience," said she, gaily, stooping down and kissing me. "But I assure you you will find it very dull and uninteresting, no 'hair-breadth escapes,' no 'spirited horse just ready to throw itself and rider (myself of course) over some steep precipice, when just at the exact moment some hero of the wood will come gallantly forward and become my preserver and future lover.' No handsome, manly cousin to fall in love with and become his daily companion in walks and rides. Nothing of all this. I forewarn you, but if you still persist in hearing my home story, you shall have it."

Merely bowing my head in assent, for I was becoming impatient, my sister seated herself on a low footstool at my feet and began.

"You remember Mrs. Milton, who used to visit us in the city, and make me so many handsome presents? Well, she owned a charming place near the sea-shore. Oh, Lucy, if you have never been there I cannot describe it to you. The house itself is old-fashioned, and the furniture, though antique, is rich and costly. I shall never forget the many pleasant evenings I have spent in that vine-clad porch, with the whole expanse of blue, clear water lying almost at my feet. When laying aside my book, I would sit fairly entranced in the calm grey hour of twilight when silence reigned around—and the moon shed her soft light over the rich and varied scene. Truly has it been said that man made the city. But God made the country."

"Mrs. Milton was a kind-hearted woman, though one fond of having her own way. I was ever a great favorite of hers, so was a certain young physician in a neighboring village. How often has Mrs. Milton spoken in boundless praises of him to me: telling how half the village girls were striving to win his noble heart, but striving in vain."

"Mamma and I had returned in the early part of September from the Springs, tired with gayety and excitement. I fairly cried for joy when Mrs. Milton came to New York, nominally with the intention of having mamma and myself return with her to her rural home. Mamma, however, preferred remaining in the city, though she finally consented to my returning with Mrs. Milton, the terms that I should keep my mirth

within bounds, for you know what a wild mad-cap I was in those days, Lou.

"I will pass over our pleasant journey, and my delight in exchanging the hot and scorching pavements, brick walls, and dust-laden air, for cool, refreshing breezes, and waving green grass. I had been at Mrs. Milton's about a fortnight, when one morning she hastily entered my room, saying, 'Come, Mary, brush your hair and fix up, for Dr. Louiston and Mr. Neland are coming down the avenue, and I would not wish them to see you in this plight.' 'Nor I either, aunty,' I replied, for I had been out in the woods all the morning, and my gingham dress was sadly torn, and my white apron all stained with blackberries. 'Well, dear,' she continued, 'come down in the parlor as soon as you're ready, for I must go and show them in; Nancy is so dumb, she will be more likely to take them in the tea-room, if she should condescend to invite them to enter at all,' and so saying, she left the room.

"What Mrs. Milton meant by fixing up I do not know; but I am afraid my toilet that afternoon did not exactly suit; for as it was very warm I simply arranged my hair, and put on a white muslin dress without a single ornament, save that little diamond ring papa had given me the New Year's before.

"From various hints from my friends at Westland and others *interested*, I had learned that if I had heard much of Dr. Louiston, he had heard much *more* concerning me. In fact the whole country round was aware that the doctor had been selected by Mrs. Milton as my future husband. But from several little stories I had heard, I knew very well that he was not easily to be caught; and I determined to meet him on his own ground. Much had been said by the village belles and young wives of the country round in his disfavor in my presence. But I heeded them not, for I well understood their motives, and though, sister dear, I cared very little to see Dr. Louiston, I did die to make them envious as far as it was in my power. I'm afraid, Lucy dear, that if their motive was wrong in speaking my disparagement in Dr. Louiston's presence, my own motive in cultivating his acquaintance was not exactly right.

"When I had completed dressing, I took a bunch of wild flowers, which I had been gathering that morning, with the intention of arranging them. I descended the stairs. As I entered the room, I saw Mrs. Milton standing by an open window conversing with the two gentlemen, and pointing to some favorite plant in the garden below. I therefore stood for a moment near the door unobserved. Happening to look that way,

one of the gentlemen caught my look, and I thought I could just perceive a rather amused expression pass over his countenance. In a moment I knew that it was Dr. Louiston, and I returned his glance with one of hauteur and disdain. He was of the medium height and strikingly handsome. His features were fine, and his eyes black and piercing.

"I sat down on the sofa and commenced arranging my flowers, and when introduced begged the gentlemen to excuse me from rising, as I was particularly *engaged*. Mrs. Milton seemed surprised. 'My dear,' she said, 'this is Dr. Louiston, whom you have doubtless heard me frequently speak of.' 'Indeed,' I answered, without once looking up. I could plainly see that Mrs. Milton was displeased with my conduct during the interview, but she concealed her feelings under the mask of politeness.

"The doctor's friend, I had forgotten to mention, was a young man of a bright florid complexion, not good-looking certainly, but pleasant and gentlemanly in his manners. He came and sat down by me, and we soon entered into a spirited conversation. Presently Mrs. Milton, who had been regarding us with nervous glances every now and then, rose and requested Mr. Neland to accompany her to the hot-house to look at some choice exotic she had lately received, and which she wished him to analyze. They left the room, leaving me to play the hostess to Dr. Louiston, not a very agreeable task just then, I assure you. But I had previously resolved what line of conduct to pursue, and proceeded to carry it into effect.

"Rising and walking to the open window, I emptied my apron of its contents of shreds, of stalks and leaves, and placing my choice bouquet of wild flowers in a vase, I calmly turned round to Dr. Louiston and said, 'You have doubtless heard my name coupled with many idle reports, and your partial motive,' I added, smiling, 'in coming here to-day was one of curiosity, and I must say, my dear sir, that I cannot much blame you after your *experience*. Now, Dr. Louiston,' I continued, 'if you choose to come and visit us occasionally from motives of friendship, don't imagine, my dear sir, that you will be treading on slippery ground, or that snares are spread round about to entrap you. For as to myself, though I have not yet informed Mrs. Milton, or indeed any one but dear mamma, I am to be married to a dear cousin (who is now travelling in Europe for his health) at the end of six months.

"I calmly endured that fixed gaze of inquiry, without shrinking, for every word I had uttered was truth.

"Dr. Louiston rose, and coming to where I was standing, said, while a beautiful smile played upon his countenance, 'At least then, Miss Mary, let us be friends.' 'Certainly,' I replied, laughingly, at the same time extending my hand, 'I have not the slightest objection.'

"Just at that unlucky moment, while my hand was still in Dr. Louiston's, Mrs. Milton entered the room, while a gratified expression swept over her features; and when the gentlemen had departed, and she openly congratulated me on my supposed conquest, it almost broke my heart to think of the kind friend I was deceiving. For I believe, Lucy, my interests were as near her heart as her own.

"Well, Dr. Louiston and I," I see I must be brief, sister, as the dressing bell has rung, "continued from that time as friends, riding on horseback, rowing, and walking together; and the time allotted for my visit was fast drawing to a close.

"But, Lucy, whenever I thought of returning home, there would come such a sensation around my heart, that I could almost wish, sometimes, that it would cease to beat altogether. I know it was *very* wicked, but I could not help it.

"One evening, I remember it as well as if it were but yesterday, we had been walking together, Dr. Louiston and I were seated beneath a lofty oak. We were both of us silent. I was thinking with deep regret of returning to the city the next morning, for mamma had written that I must not delay my return another day, as papa and you were expected by the next steamer. As the dew was fast falling, we rose and returned home. As we nearly reached the door, Dr. Louiston turned to me and said, 'Forgive me, Mary, for the words I am about to speak. When I received your permission to visit you, it was with the mutual agreement that it was to be *only* as a friend. But oh, Mary,' he continued, earnestly, 'I have found too late, as others have found before me, that love has grown out of friendship: and Mary, forgive me dear, but I must say it, I have sometimes dared, yes! dared to hope that, though your hand was promised to another, your heart was mine. Oh! that that wild hope might

indeed prove a reality, and I would not ask for more.'

"My head was lying on his shoulder, my hand lay passively in his. I had not the power to speak or move. I knew if I should attempt it, I would only burst into tears.

"When we reached the piazza all was still. Nothing was to be heard, but the dashing of the waves against the shore. I sat down on a seat on the porch, and gazed with filling eyes into the blue sea. Oh! how I wished I was buried beneath those rocking waves, never more to see the light of day. But better thoughts soon came, and when Dr. Louiston bade me farewell, and imprinted a kiss on my brow, I felt calm. 'Good night, Mary,' he said, 'I respect you for the silence you have chosen to keep. But oh! Mary, my life is all a blank now; and sometimes when you are surrounded by the bright and gay, will you pause and bestow one thought on him who must hereafter lead a dreary existence? Oh! Mary, Mary, that we had never met.'

"Oh! how fondly was that wish re-echoed back in my own heart. But I strove to be calm, and bidding Dr. Louiston farewell, rushed into the house.

"And now, Lucy, I need not go on, you know the rest. How when but a few days after papa had returned, he called me one morning to the library, drawing me toward him and kissing my brow, and told me he had sad news for me; and bade me never again think of my cousin William, for six weeks ago (so he had written me, and papa had in mistaken kindness withheld the letter until his return) he had married an English girl, speaking of our engagement only as a childish attachment.

"My eyes were filled with tears of joy now, and I kissed papa over and over again, who looked at me wonderingly over his spectacles, for he had expected to find me plunged in grief.

"And now, Louise, you remember my merry wedding, and our removal to St. Louis, and that life ever since has been to me but one bright dream of happiness."

THE MISER'S LEGACY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"I BEQUEATH to you, my child," said the old miser, gasping hard for breath, "the grave in which I am to be buried. I am poor, very poor"—a ghastly smile spread over his features; and the fluttering red rags, that had once curtained his miserable couch, gave, as the sun poured through them, a most sardonic expression to the grim, death-struck face, enveloping it, as it were, in flames.

For half a century, miser Farroway had been gathering gold. For nearly that time his coffin, lined, as wonder-mongers said, with lead, had rested under his miserable couch. Of all his children but one was left, the youngest. And now she was a gaunt girl of thirteen, a poor, hungry, uneducated, willing slave.

And the miser was dying. He would have no attendance—he was poor, he said—no one should pay a doctor's bill for him; no one should put him in his coffin but foolish Bill, who had been his man of all work; nobody should bury him but Tom Gall, the undertaker, who, if he was drunk constantly, charged less for his jobs than any other.

And the miser died; and foolish Bill laid him in his coffin; and some good-hearted man read the will, bequeathing nothing but his grave and all it should contain, to the weeping, miserable creature, his daughter, who sincerely mourned for him. And the few who saw it, remarked upon the strange, fiendish chuckle with which the old miser closed his life; and which boded, they said, that he had so successfully hidden his money that no mortal could find it. And old Tom Gall, the drunken undertaker, told, with a plentiful sprinkling of oaths, how the miser had taken advantage of his inebriation, and bought the grave-lot for a song; and that he shouldn't wonder if it was filled full of gold.

So crowds came to the funeral. I doubt if ever at the last services of the most beautiful, beloved, or honored, such throngs attended. The church-yard was filled full, the fences were lined,

and in the midst of all, stood the poor, wretched orphan, shedding burning tears, and uttering wailing sobs.

The grave had been dug, and dug deep too; deeper by far than any other in that old church-yard; and no treasure had come to light, so that the scandal mongers were all disappointed, and wondered they had been such fools as to believe the rumors afloat. As usual, old Tom Gall was drunk; so drunk that he staggered; and the rope he had provided was a rotten one, (he used it so very seldom) and it broke at the mouth of the grave; and the coffin fell away down, down into the deep pit; and then there was a rattling, clinking sound, that caused the great body of people to sway toward the grave, and a murmur to go up that swelled almost to a shout; and amidst it all the miser's daughter never lifted her head, but wept and wept.

"Gold!" cried one.

"Gold, gold," cried others, moving toward the spot—"take the old fellow up; 'twas in his coffin—ha! he tried to cheat the devil, but he couldn't cheat the grave."

And now I do not know but every hand was extended to the *heiress*, whereas when she was the *miser's beggar*, no one thought of her. But to the pitying eyes that had overflowed at her grief, when the penniless lawyer read the pithy will, the girl turned and leaned upon his arm. He did not ask her to, he did not even congratulate her, or press forward, but her heart had told unerringly where the truest sympathy lay, and it fled to him.

She was rich; the neglected girl, the poor, toiling creature, had now a fortune that a princess might envy. And not many years passed before she was the educated bride of the single-hearted man, who, in her destitution, had given her one kindly word.

And the stratagem of the old miser failed. Truly he had cheated the devil, often; but he could not cheat the grave.

THE BROTHERS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CHAPTER I.

"Come, little ones, kiss mother, and run to school—it is most time for the last bell. Nannie 'tis but a step out of your way, and you can see the children safely there as you go along. Take hold of sister's hand, Edgar, that's a darling, now good bye to all of you, and don't play truant coming home."

Mrs Ashley stood by the door, watching the children on their way, nor did she cease to look after them until they had turned the corner and were out of sight. Then she resumed her seat in the cozy little room, where baby was sleeping sweetly in its wicker cradle; and there, with her work-basket in her lap, Mr. Ashley found her an hour afterward when he came in to lunch. The little side-table was already spread with its snow-white cloth and china mug of Java coffee, the rich cream mantling its surface, a few delicate slices of fowl, and some two or three biscuit fresh from Judy's oven—Judy herself bustling in and out without any ostensible errand.

Mr. Ashley glanced from his wife to the still sleeping baby in the cradle, and then back to his wife with a smile, which she knew well how to appreciate.

"These biscuit are capital, Judy—good enough for a king," said Mr. Ashley, as he broke the last one, and Judy's thick, elastic lips stretched almost from ear to ear with a grin of delight, as her ebony face vanished from the room, for her biscuit had been praised, and she was satisfied to return to her duties.

Judy was a most faithful servant; and so long as her cookery was commended by her master, the happiest of the happy; but by any chance let it once be forgotten, and poor Judy's woeful face and long-drawn sighs were really pitiful. No matter how bright and golden the sky, she could not see a glimpse of it for the clouds in her own eyes; and all efforts were equally vain to dispel them until another meal-time came around again, when Mr. Ashley never failed to make all the amends in his power for his former forgetfulness.

When Mr. Ashley and his wife were alone, he moved his chair to the opposite side of the cradle, and took another fond look at the infant.

"I wish she was a boy, Anna."

"I am satisfied with what God hath given us, William, and if you knew how it pained me to have you so frequently express that wish, I should not hear it again."

"Nor shall you, dear wife; I did not think of paining you, but we have four fine girls, and but one boy. Did Edgar go willingly to school this morning?"

"Yes, he went off like a little man, clasping Nannie's fingers with his dimpled hand, for she was going with them to the door, the morning was so wet and slippery. Nannie is very quiet lately, I am afraid she is not well—perhaps she studies too much."

"Fudge! no danger of that—girls of fifteen don't over-tax their brains often; but we must be careful of Edgar, and not let the teacher force him too rapidly." It was now the wife's turn to laugh, for Edgar was still deep in the mysteries of A B C, and could only be coaxed to fix his eyes upon them by pictures of apples, balls, and cows.

"What are you laughing about, Anna? Edgar is a very precious child, and you would have had him in algebra by this time, if I had not forbidden your teaching him his letters until this spring. You had your way with the daughters, and I stipulated to have mine with the sons, now you have the advantage, for you have five to my one."

"I smiled because I thought Edgar would have to be forced somewhat, or else he will not learn at all. Nannie and the others could read when they were three years old, and here is Edgar five, and scarcely knows a letter."

"So much the better—read any of the modern writers on education and they will tell you so; but I must go back to my office, Anna; and see, little daughter is nestling, and there will be work for mother, which will make her forget to search the library."

Mr. Ashley was right—baby woke up in a fretful mood, and the patient mother soothed and caressed and sang lullabys, but all in vain—still baby moaned and cried until Mrs. Ashley, seriously alarmed, called Judy in from the kitchen to hold a consultation with her. But even Judy failed to still the baby's crying, and

quite discomfited her, for she prided herself on her nursing as well as her cooking.

Noon came, and the children danced into the house full of glee, but were met at the nursery door by their mother with one finger on her lips, while with the other hand she motioned to the cradle, where the baby was now sleeping with a bright red spot on either cheek, and the little hands dry and feverish. Nannie, who had walked behind the children, now passed them, and after stooping beside the cradle looked up anxiously into her mother's face.

"Is she sick, mother?"

"She has a very high fever, and is very fretful when awake, I have sent for Dr. Lincoln—he will be here directly."

Nannie untied the children's bonnets and her own—put them away, and took Edgar in her lap, and sat down by the cradle. The three little girls left the room, and in a few moments Mr. Ashley and the physician entered. Dr. Lincoln was a jovial-looking man, rather under than over the usual stature, with a florid countenance and keen grey eyes, and a mouth seemingly more at home in joy than in sorrow. He shook Mrs. Ashley's hand in a very warm-hearted, though unfashionable manner, as he said,

"Well, friend, sorry to see me, no doubt, yet can't get along without me—would never send for me, I warrant you, if you could help it—but what now, baby teething? Haven't you a name for the youngster yet?"

"No, doctor, but if she should be spared to us, she shall be named as soon as she is well, but I have felt a foreboding from the first that she would not live," replied Mrs. Ashley.

"Well, that's nothing new for a mother; my mother had the same about me, but here I am alive yet, and not particularly delicate either—no, no, you need not worry yourself about that; he'll live to give you many a heart-ache yet."

"It is a girl," suggested Mr. Ashley.

"Well, never mind, it's all the same, both girls and boys cause head-aches and heart-aches enough, God knows." Here Dr. Lincoln dropped the little hand which he had been holding between his own, and wrote upon a piece of paper some simple prescription calculated to allay the fever.

"The fever will be all gone by to-morrow, I think, and then I can lance her gums when I come around—good morning, Mrs. Ashley—good morning, squire—here, Nannie, come to the door with me, I have a word for you."

Nannie's face was crimsoned as she arose to follow the summons of the doctor. The door was closed, and she stood in the hall beside him.

"Lawrence Gray was not at school this morning, nor yesterday."

"No, sir," (answered very low and tremulously.)

"Do you know why he staid away?"

"No, sir;" and the soft brown eyes were raised as if she would have repeated the question to him had she dared. She did not have to wait long, for the doctor said,

"Well, I can tell you why—he is ill, dangerously ill—delirious, and through his delirium I discovered what I should never have suspected. You are pale enough, child, but I will not keep you but a moment longer. On his table, I found two sealed notes, one directed to my daughter Emma, the other to you. I broke the seal of Emma's—yours I had no right to, but I should have given it to your father, only, Nannie, I love you so well that I would spare you all unnecessary mortification, and I know you so well, that I doubt not when you find the double part he has played, you will cease to love him. I leave Emma's for you to read, you can burn them both when you have done; or stay, Emma, should she read it, may be equally profited by a perusal of yours. To-morrow when I come to see the baby, give me both if you are willing."

The doctor had gone, and Nannie had found neither thoughts nor words to thank him. She locked herself in her own room. She broke the seal tremblingly, for a beautiful vision was fading from her eyes, and she scarce felt strength to witness its evanishing. Day after day, for weeks had she received one of these missives—the spotless envelope—the free and faultless address, the tiny honey-bee upon the seal were all the same. She read—

"BELOVED ANNABEL—Why did you again leave my note unanswered? Do you not know that I live only for you?—have I not told you that but a little while is this secrecy necessary? and will you not let your pure heart trust in me? Ah, my angel, you should not torture love like mine: could you dream of one half its depth, you would say to me, 'Lawrence, I repose blindly upon your love, it is sufficient for me to know that it is your will, for you would will nothing that had not my happiness for its foundation, I will wait patiently till you consent to my mother's knowing all—I will never wrong you again with one doubt—I will remain true to you though all the world should despise me, for your love is more to me than the world.'—Thus would you say, my own Annabel, and I would bless God that he had given me so pure and trusting a heart to guide, even as I now bless him that he has taught me

the beauty of truth and love in thee, my sweetest. Let not another day pass without one line from thee—enough to know that thy hand has rested on the paper. My head has been tortured with pain for the last twenty-four hours, and I am by turns as cold as your own heart and warm as mine. Oh! for one more meeting like that beside the mountain stream, where you timidly confessed that my love had at length awakened yours. Such an hour was worth the life I had spent before. I could write forever to you, Annabel, my own, but I must weary you, and had you wished me to write to-day, you would not have failed to have answered my note of yesterday. But I must say farewell—heaven protect and bless you, and remember in your visions your too devoted

LAWRENCE."

Nannie's before pallid cheeks were now flushed—what could she have to fear with love like this, which met her eager gaze at every line? Thus she questioned, and the light in her fine eyes was subdued as she answered, "Not inconstancy, oh, no, but death." He was ill, and she could not be near him—delirious, and perchance upbraiding her for want of love, while her heart acknowledged that its troubled fountains were stirred alone for him. Not until then did she know the depth of her own feelings, his love had seemed so strong and passionate, that she had shrunk timidly from him to recall in silence each look and tone, until every fibre of her heart was interwoven with fond memories.

Now she buried her head in her hands and wept like a child—again she would stand beside the casement and direct her gaze through the leafless trees across the village green, to the one large hotel where Lawrence boarded, as if her love could penetrate its walls. It was thus a half an hour passed, and Nannie was summoned to herself by the ringing of the dinner-bell. She turned, and saw the note addressed to Emma lying on the floor. In her bewilderment and grief she had forgotten it. She read, and every muscle of her face seemed turned to stone.

"Emma, my own dearest, why will you persist in doubting love like mine?—why will you suffer your strong mind to stoop to jealousy?—to jealousy of one so in every way your inferior? Nannie Ashley is but a child—a bird I had almost said—I seek her society because she is fresh and new, and amuses me; but you know me well enough to dream that I have any serious thoughts toward her. Are you not my own betrothed? Do not then reproach me again. This evening I will come to you as you request, and

then I will remove all doubts of the unbounded love of your faithful

LAWRENCE."

Nannie's chamber door was flung open, and one of her sisters burst in upon her.

"Sissy, papa says come down to dinner—don't you hear me? papa says come down now."

Nannie folded the notes, and put them in the pocket of her dress. Like an automaton, she followed her sister down stairs, and took her accustomed place at the table, but her pale face, her cold, absent eyes, and her want of appetite, attracted the attention of both parents.

"Nannie, are you ill? what ails you child?" said her mother.

She could not answer, the tears came to her eyes, and almost suffocated by the strange feeling in her throat, she sprang away from the table, and ran back to her chamber to indulge in the grief she could no longer repress.

"Poor child! what an affectionate, sensitive heart she has," said her father. "She is worried about the baby, mother, go go and comfort her. Doctor says it is nothing but teething."

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Ashley, shaking her head as she spoke. "I am not so sure that it is that which troubles her. Nannie has not been herself for weeks. I have always thought that I had her full confidence, but I am very much afraid she is keeping something from me."

"No love affair, I hope!" said Mr. Ashley.

"The very thing of which I am suspicious. She grew so suddenly quiet and womanly; yet I know of no one with whom she has been thrown, who would be likely to develop such feelings. I have always considered Nannie rather fastidious, and never knew her to even imagine herself in love, as many of her young friends have done. Of course, at her age, it would scarcely prove to be anything more than imagination."

"Nip it in the bud—laugh her out of it—nonsense! to think of such a child!" were Mr. Ashley's exclamations.

Mrs. Ashley, with the determination of following out this advice, went up to Nannie's room, soon after dinner, leaving the baby sleeping in the cradle, and under Judy's especial surveillance. The children had been sent up to the play-room, for it was Saturday afternoon and a half-holiday.

Mrs. Ashley found matters much more serious than she had anticipated. Nannie confessed all, keeping back nothing—not even the knowledge of his unworthiness which had come so suddenly, and so overwhelmingly upon her.

"I know you think I am too young to love, mamma, but it is not so. If I lived a thousand years, I could never love any one as I do him. Oh, how could he be so cruel? He has broken my heart, and I hope it will kill me!" sobbed Nannie, her head buried in her mother's lap. She could not see the smile of incredulity that played upon her mother's face, during the first sentences of her speech, nor the expression of pain which so quickly chased it away.

"Nannie! Nannie! Have you so little love for me? for your father? for the dear children who love you and look up to you so?"

"Oh, mamma, you do not know—you cannot know what a different feeling my love for him has been—and how wretched it has made me. You cannot feel for me."

"I do feel for you, my child; but it is a wretchedness that you have brought upon yourself by your guilty concealment; and while I sympathize with you in the pain you are now suffering; I rejoice from my heart that a merciful Providence has opened your eyes before it was too late to save you from the snare in which you had well nigh fallen. Oh, Nannie, you cannot realize the danger that you have escaped, nor can you for a moment imagine the anguish of a mother, who finds that the daughter on whom she has placed every confidence has proven herself unworthy of it."

"Oh, mamma, don't think so badly of me. Indeed, indeed, I was going to tell you all as soon as he would let me. You do not know how unhappy it has made me to have a secret from you," and Nannie threw her arms around her mother's neck as she spoke. "Do forgive me, or I shall be so much more miserable."

"I do forgive you, my child," she answered, "but, Nannie, you have sinned against a higher power, and I leave you to seek forgiveness there. He can make this disappointment a blessing, impossible as it now seems to you. Seek strength from Him, for I know that 'those who seek shall find.'"

CHAPTER II.

NANNIE left to herself, sat down by the window that commanded a view of the centre of the village, and through her tears, strained her wistful eyes that she might at least gaze upon the walls that held him. Cruelly as he had deceived her, she loved him still, and with a woman's devotion and forgetfulness of injuries from one beloved, she longed to fly to him and minister to his wants. "Was ever wretchedness like hers?" she thought. Deceived by one in whom she had

placed unbounded trust—still clinging to him despite all—agonized by the fear that his illness might be unto death, and yet unable to look upon him, or hear his voice again. Added to this, was the knowledge that she had forfeited the confidence which her parents had always reposed in her, and which she had heretofore well merited. Very desolate did she indeed feel. She did not go down to supper, nor did her parents intrude upon her. They thought it best to leave her to her own reflections, confident that in the end all would be well.

Nannie felt their kindness, and her conscience accused her of ingratitude, inasmuch as she had been indulging and nursing her grief, instead of struggling against it, and seeking help from the source to which her mother had directed her.

She threw herself on her knees by the side of her bed, but she could not pray. "Oh, why must I have been so cruelly deceived when I trusted so much? Why must I learn such a bitter lesson while I am so young? Why could he not have loved me and made me his wife? I should have been so happy. What did he trifle with me for? What good could it have done him?" were the questions rapidly poured out by her innocent heart.

In darkness and in solitude she passed that restless, sleepless night: and it was only when the first rays of morning light broke against the violet-colored hills which walled that little valley in, that she forgot her grieving in a slumber, troubled by dreams. She awoke in a fright—she had dreamed that her mother was dying, and forgetting, for a moment, that it was the Sabbath, the unusual silence of the household startled her. Oh, what would have been her fancied sorrow to such a trouble! she thought, as she recalled the days; and dropping on her knees she prayed long and fervently. The resolution to struggle against her grief, restored, to a certain degree, the peace which she had imagined had left her forever, and with more calmness than she believed possible, she prepared herself to go down and join the family in their usual Sabbath morning devotions. Her mother's tender smile, and whispered words of welcome, rewarded her for the effort she had made; and she reproached herself for her selfishness, when she saw on her mother's face the traces of anxiety and fatigue, which baby's feverish, restless night had left there. It was Nannie's wish that her mother should try to get some sleep, and leave the baby in her charge; but she was overruled, for Mrs. Ashley was anxious to have her daughter's mind diverted, and she thought that the usual Sabbath service

might, in her present state of mind, impress her more; and cause her to feel the necessity of religion as a "very present help" and refuge in all seasons of sorrow and trouble. Accordingly, Annabel prepared herself for church, and enclosing the two notes, left them with her mother for Dr. Lincoln.

The last peal of the church bell died away as Annabel took her seat. Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, her eyes rested upon the pew where Lawrence was accustomed to sit. She missed his tall, elegant figure, and the face she had thought the perfection of manly beauty. A shudder crept over her as through the broad, low window her eyes fell upon the tomb-stones in the church-yard, where in a few more days he might be lying. She bowed her head and prayed, "I will bear my sorrow uncomplainingly, only oh, God, spare his life—spare him for repentance."

The low, deep-toned voice of a stranger fell upon her ear in prayer. Earnest were the petitions which he poured forth—every one seeming to Annabel the supplication of her own heart. A holy calm stole over her, and when the voice ceased, she lifted her head to look up to a face, which, for one bewildered moment, seemed to her Lawrence's own. How her heart thrilled as she listened intently to the hymn—not only to that musical voice, which so swept its chords, but to the sentiments so exactly responding to her newly-awakened religious aspirations.

"Great Ruler of all Nature's frame!
We own Thy pow'r divine;
We hear Thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are Thine.

"Thy mercy tempers every blast
To those who seek Thy face;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of Thy grace.

"Let me those gentle whispers hear
Till all the tumult cease;
Sleep in thine arms, and wake in realms
Of everlasting peace."

Never before had the organ's peal seemed so solemn and so grand to Annabel, or the voices of the choisters so thrilled her with their harmony. At length the last strains died away, and the stranger arising in the pulpit, read the III., CIV., and CVII. psalms.

"Oh," thought Annabel, "such a God, and such a Father! how can I have lived so long estranged from him!"

The eloquent discourse which followed from this text,

"They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them," still

farther impressed her with the idea that she was indeed "a pilgrim and a stranger," and filled her soul with new yearnings to be "led forth by the right way to the city of habitation."

The clergyman bore a wonderful resemblance to Lawrence. True, a more earnest spirit looked out from his dark eyes, and never upon Lawrence's face had she seen kindled the holy glow that so lighted up the features before her. Still there was no denying that those features were essentially the same.

She was not surprised, on going out of church, to overhear that the name of the minister was "Arthur Gray, a brother of young Gray at the hotel." She also gathered from the conversation that he had come to visit his brother, unaware of his illness—that he would not preach in the afternoon, as he wished to remain with him as much as possible—that his stay would be short, as his ministerial duties required his return to his parish, the latter part of the week, and that parish was about thirty miles distant.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Ashley had delivered the letters to Dr. Lincoln, and at his request read them both aloud to him.

"Villain! It would serve him right to let him die; but no, no, he is not fit for that. It is a very critical case, though, very. How did Nannie bear the knowledge of his evil doings?"

"She took it very hard at first. I do not think she slept any last night, her eyes were so sunken this morning; but, dear child, she has made a brave effort to overcome her feelings, and at my request has gone to church."

"Nannie's a good girl," said Dr. Lincoln, with a heavy, long-drawn sigh. "She did not need such a trial to discipline her; but my wilful Emma—I knew she would have to battle with life, before she would willingly fall back to her place in the ranks." And with another sigh, Dr. Lincoln arose to take his departure.

"Have you said anything to Emma yet?" questioned Mrs. Ashley.

"Yes, but what I have said has done no good. I hope this letter to Nannie will convince her. She says she was prepared for opposition, and expected to hear him slandered, and that no one in the world can make her believe him false. Poor motherless child! she has no idea of self-control, and will, I fear, make herself sick in her anxiety for the worthless fellow. She actually wanted to go and nurse him, insisting upon it as her right and privilege."

"Poor thing! have patience with her, doctor. Remember she is three years older than Nannie, and no doubt he has taken a stronger hold of her affections. He has talked to her of marriage,

you see, with his high-flown nonsense; but with Nannie, if you noticed, it seems a most Platonic attachment. The evidences of her unwillingness to keep it secret from me, which every line of his discloses, restores my confidence in the child. As Emma had no mother to go to, and as it is not natural for a girl to confide such matters to her father, I do not censure her so severely as I did Nannie at first. Be patient and gentle with her, doctor. It is a sore trial to a woman's heart to find a beloved object unworthy."

"Yes, yes. You can continue that medicine every hour, Mrs. Ashley. I will come in early to-morrow."

"You do not think her worse, do you, doctor? She is not nearly so irritable, and sleeps nearly all of the time."

"There is no immediate danger. I can't say that I exactly like the symptoms, they seem to be assuming the type of the prevailing fever, but we will hope for the best. Infants are seldom attacked by it. Good morning."

Mrs. Ashley was left alone by her baby, and she watched its quick breathings with a heavy heart. Nevertheless, when Annabel came in, she gave her a tender greeting, listened to her account of the morning service, and relieved her own heart by communicating her fears respecting the baby. Annabel shared her anxieties and her watchings, and as the mother looked on the calm and beautiful face of her daughter, a fervent, voiceless prayer of thanksgiving arose from her heart, that God had so soon enabled her to bear His chastening.

Meantime, Dr. Lincoln had gone home with the letters, but Emma was nowhere to be found. He knew that she was not at church, for the state of wild excitement in which he had that morning left her, forbade the thought. Really terrified lest she might have gone to Lawrence, he was about to leave the house for the purpose of ascertaining, when the door opened, and Emma, with her cloak and bonnet on, confronted him. Her cheeks were burning red, and her eyes bright and wild. Her thick curls of black hair were tangled by the wind, and hung disordered down her neck.

"You have not been to church in this plight, Emma?" interrogated her father.

"No, I have been to see Lawrence. I could not stay away any longer."

Dr. Lincoln turned fearfully pale. "What wildness is this?" said he. "I was not prepared for such disobedience. Emma, how dared you go when I forbade it so positively?"

"The Bible says we must leave father and mother, and cleave unto each other."

"The child is crazy," said her father, producing Annabel's letter. "Here, read this," he continued, "do you know the nature of the disease to which you have so needlessly exposed yourself?"

"You told me it was typhoid fever; but where you go, father, I am not afraid to follow."

Her father looked upon her kindling eyes, her earnest face, and he yearned to clasp her to his heart; but he restrained himself, and continued in the same stern tones,

"As a physician, I know of many precautions which you would never dream of; besides, the present state of your mind peculiarly predisposes you to disease. Even now it may be lurking in your system. Promise me, Emma, that you will not risk your life again."

Still Emma delayed to give the promise. She stood twisting the letter in her hands, which she had not yet opened.

Tears stood in Dr. Lincoln's eyes.

"Have you no consideration for me, Emma? Remember, I am getting old, and I have no one but you to lean upon." He handed her the letter addressed to herself. "Go to your room and read these letters alone," he continued, "and when you have discovered his duplicity, God grant that your heart may be softened to your father's love again."

Emma flung her arms about his neck. "Ah, father—dear father, indeed I love you. Only let me go and nurse poor Lawrence. He was calling for me the little while I was there, and you do not know how much good it did him to see me, although he did not know me, but he grew so calm when he felt the touch of my cool hands upon his burning head. Please, papa, and I will do just as you tell me in everything. I will never go away from you. We will get Lawrence well, and we will all live here in the old house together, and you will learn to love him dearly. Say, papa, may I not be his nurse?"

Dr. Lincoln sighed. He held his daughter to his heart. "He has been deceiving you, Emma," he said. "You will see that I cannot suffer a life so precious as your own to be risked for such a scapegrace. Forgive me, my child, for wounding your feelings in speaking so harshly of him, but go read the letters, dear, and let me see your own proud spirit in your treatment of him hereafter, should he be spared to cross your path."

Emma went reluctantly to her room. She had scarcely regarded what her father had said concerning the letters. If she thought of them at all, it was only as some forgery; but now, a sight of the dear, familiar hand sent the blood

in fresh torrents to her face. She tore off her bonnet and cloak. Drawing her low chair to the fire, and opening the letter directed to herself, she read a few lines, and then stopped, the open letter resting on her knee.

"Ah, those foolish words of mine," she said, "how they trouble him. Poor Lawrence! and I was only in fun. I knew he did not love Nannie, but I thought it would tease him to think me jealous. And then I did indeed think it a sin for him to trifle with Nannie. She is *such* an innocent! and any one with half an eye could tell by her blushes that she loved him."

She tossed back the curls from her face, and read on.

"Your faithful Lawrence," she repeated aloud. "Ah, yes, faithful unto death! And this is the love my father wishes me to give up. Never! never! No, Lawrence, no earthly power shall keep me away from you." She kissed her letter again and again. She nestled it down amid the folds of her dress against her warm, throbbing heart. She picked up the other letter. Was this also to her? "Miss Annabel Ashley." Only for a moment a shadow gloomed her eyes. Then she said, "Why should I doubt him? It is some trifling note. What a little tyrant heart I have, but Lawrence shall teach it submission."

She read, but not this time did she lay it down to dwell and comment upon the words. In eager haste she scanned line after line of the well filled sheet. Why, the love expressed in her own was as nothing to it! Her cheeks grew white as marble, her breath came heavily, her head swam round and round. With a cry of anguish, she threw herself sobbing on the floor. How long she lay in this paroxysm of grief she knew not; but when cold and shuddering she got up and looked around her, the fire had died out in the open fire-place; against the windows the rain was pattering slowly, and the sky, which, in the morning, had been so clear and beautiful, was covered with heavy, leaden clouds. The few leaves that had clung the longest to their summer homes were now whirled here and there in the arms of the wind, whose wierd, changeful moanings amidst the pines harmonized with the

complaining of Emma's spirit. She leaned her burning, throbbing forehead against the cold glass, and looked out upon the desolate scene before her. The dank earth, despoiled by the frost of its bright verdure, and clad instead here and there in huge folds of withered vegetation, the trees with their skeleton arms stretched out imploringly, and over all the cheerless, shrouded November sky.

"Desolate! desolate! but oh, not so hopelessly desolate as lies my heart within me," murmured Emma. "Spring will come, and with 'multiplied stores' cover the earth with beauty again, but my poor heart has done with spring forever. It was a beautiful, but oh, how brief a summer, and not even one autumn day to prepare me for the cheerless winter that has come upon me. *I wish it was the winter of the grave!*"

A thrill shot through her as she spoke. It was a fearful wish, and what if God had heard and registered it on high! Her poor father, alone in the world, loving her so proudly, and the infirmities of age already beginning to press upon him. It must not be—she would not be so selfish. She would live for him, and bear the winter storms, if so she might shield his heart from them.

But there was a strange shiver creeping through her frame that affrighted her. Burning, iron bands seemed to press her throbbing temples in, and throwing herself upon the bed, she thought to find some relief in sleep.

An hour later, when her father came up to her room to talk with her, he found her in the delirium of fever. If under such circumstances anything could give him joy, Emma's words must so have done; for it was her father alone that she called upon. "My dear father, for whom I am going to live always," she said. All memory of her love for Lawrence seemed to have been obliterated from her brain. That she had read the letters Dr. Lincoln well knew, for he picked up Annabel's from the floor, where it had fallen all blistered with tears. He blamed himself now for giving them to her when she was under so much excitement, but it was too late for regrets.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SCOLDING WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"THERE you are again, with your wet boots," said a shrill, splenetic voice, as Mr. Hudson came home, one rainy day. "It's no use for a woman to slave, to have her house looking a little decent, for, as sure as there's a rainy day, her husband will tramp over the carpets, leaving marks of mud everywhere."

"Indeed, Sally, there's no mud on my boots to-day," said the husband, mildly. "I took care to clean them on the mat."

"Well, but they're wet, and I'd like to know if it don't spoil a carpet to be wet?" said the wife, not a bit mollified. "And you've let your umbrella drain on the floor, all this time, instead of putting it in the rack. Do give it here." And, as she spoke, she jerked it angrily away.

This was but a sample of the greeting which Mr. Hudson received about three times a week, or whenever his wife happened to be out of humor, which invariably occurred if the children were cross, if the servants were careless, or if anything else went wrong in the household. Mrs. Hudson had been pretty as a girl, and having been much admired, had gradually become spoiled by selfishness, so that, when she married, the inevitable troubles incident to the station of a wife, kept her constantly in a state of irritation. Instead of realizing that every position in life has its unpleasant duties, but that the married state, if only blessed by love, yields the largest amount of happiness of any, she acted as if a wife ought to be a being exempt from all trouble. A dozen times a week she would say that, if she had not been a fool, she would never have left her mother's house. The servants and children, but especially her husband, were the victims of her ill-humor. She could never long retain a cook or a chambermaid. They generally left, at the end of their month, each declaring in turn, that they could not endure her temper. The poor children were cuffed one hour, to be petted to excess the next, so that the little things hardly knew whether they feared or loved their mother. As for Mr. Hudson, with every desire to live quietly, and, indeed, with a disposition, for the sake of peace, to yield too much, he could not, do what he would, be sure, when he went out, of a kind reception on his return. Often when he left his

wife in the best of humor, on going to his store in the morning, he would have her scolding the moment he opened the door, when he came back.

Affection, though it will endure much, cannot bear all things. Dropping water will wear out the hardest rock; and an ill-tempered wife, in time, will alienate the most forgiving of husbands. Had Mr. Hudson, on retiring from his store, come home angry, because things had gone wrong, and had he visited his spleen on his wife, she would have had some excuse. But though there are husbands who do this, he was not one of them. He had early learned to control his temper, and hence, though money was often scarce, trade dull, or clerks neglectful, and though, in consequence, his patience was frequently sorely tried, he never permitted himself to vent his ill-humor at home. But, at last, he did what thousands of husbands had been driven into doing before, he began to be at home as little as possible: and he would have begun earlier, if it had not been for his children.

"I tell you, Lowry," he said, one night, as he sat, half-inebriated, tipping at the tavern with a friend, "a man can't stay at home, when it's a second Bedlam. The very children have had their tempers spoiled, and fight like cats and dogs, so that, between a scolding wife and quarrelsome brats, I might as well be in Pandemonium as at my own fireside. They say it's the love of liquor that makes drunkards, but it's as often a scolding, slatterny wife, and the uncomfortable home that follows. Now I didn't care for drinking in itself," he continued, with vinous gravity, "but when I'm here, I forget my troubles; and that's something gained."

This state of things still continues, only Mr. Hudson is fast losing caste as a business man, because he is rapidly sinking into a sot. As a consequence, his wife is more unamiable than ever, and his children, God help them! are growing up to ruin. Mrs. Hudson tells everybody that a drunken husband is breaking her heart and bringing her offspring to beggary, but she does not add, that she gave him the first incentive to intemperance, by rendering his home unhappy. At the Last Day, each will receive from a righteous Judge, exact justice.

Let us not attempt to measure out, too nicely, their proportion of guilt. it is because of his moral strength, and not because his hearth is made comfortable.

Far be it from us to say that all, or even the largest number of husbands, who frequent drinking saloons, are driven thither by bad wives. But it cannot be denied that many are. Wives, be just to your husbands, and you will be none the less true to yourselves. There is a way of being amiable, without losing self-respect. Above all, remember, there is no estate of affairs, in the family, so bad, that it cannot be made worse by your unamiability. Avoid the husband escapes falling into evil courses, being a SCOLDING WIFE.

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MY LOVE STORY.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

I was afraid, at first, that the title of this sketch would challenge comparison with the English Baronet's, "My Novel," but no fear! My literary position (ahem!) is at such a great remove from his! I call it *my Love Story* because it begins, instead of ends, with a marriage. And does that hushed room look like a bridal-room? There is a stand with its vials of medicine, lotions and linaments, cups and spoons—pushed aside now, as of no farther avail. There is a physician with his watch in his hand, and on the bed a pale, sinking girl. But there will be a marriage here before long. The bridegroom is on his way. As the red sand on the banks of the Raritan gleams beneath his horse's feet, he wonders why he is called in such haste to the bedside of Marian Wood. They have been friends from childhood, but it is three years since they have met, and now the vision of a summer-scene, three years ago, rises before him. He sees Marian kneeling on the brink of a fairy lake, where two swans feed from her hand. "Marian, do you love me?" he hears his own voice saying. "I don't know yet," says Marian, turning aside to pull more grass for the swans. Has Marian's three years reign as an acknowledged belle taught her enough of life and her own heart to enable her now to give an answer? A moment, and John De Lyle will hear it from her own lips, albeit he is far from asking it now.

He stands once more beneath her father's roof, and meets Mrs. Wood's welcoming hand. How often has he smiled at the pitying kindness of her farewell! He holds his breath as he listens, and is ushered into Marian's chamber. "I have but a short time to live, John," whispers a weak voice; "I would die yours. Let me have the satisfaction of thinking I have been your wife, if only for a few hours."

Bewildered and shocked, De Lyle can only press the attenuated fingers to his lips, and gaze with gathering tears upon the shrunken temples and colorless features, once so dear to him.

"John," said Mr. Wood, "hear an old man's prayer—consent to my daughter's dying wish."

De Lyle met the gaze of Marian's soul, and unable to speak, bowed his head.

A clergyman soon stood before them with prayer-book in hand, and the holy words were

read. How strange and sad they rung out in that room! What a strange, sad scene it was altogether! De Lyle rose from his knees, and drew his bride to his breast, calling her in broken tones "his darling Marian." There was a long, unbroken silence. And Marian slept. That pale motionless repose—all feared it would merge soon and silently into that of death. Her father and mother knelt close around, and while the sunset clouds folded up their drapery, and the twilight spirits draw near, John De Lyle sat and held her to his breast. The scene and all that had passed seemed to him like a dream.

The slumber was broken at last. Then began an agony and a struggling most trying to witness. But the doctor laid his hand at intervals upon Marian's brow. "I would not bid you hope, madam," he said to Mrs. Wood, "but the forces of nature seem marshalling themselves. There is now just a chance. It may be; understand me it *may* be. It would be almost beyond belief, but—well! we shall see."

At midnight John De Lyle stood beneath the June stars. "Wretch that I am," he cried, "I fear she will live." Then he rushed back to the chamber of watching, his heart torn with bewildering thoughts of his betrothed, Constance Bulkeley. Supplications for life rose wildly up that night. Poor John could not but join in them as he felt the fitful heart-throbs so close to his own. But Constance—Constance—Marian's head touched her miniature. That miniature was a lump of ice, sending a thrill through every limb. Then he felt like tossing the unconscious girl from him. The pressure of her form was hateful. He bit his lips till the blood came, while hard and bitter thoughts sprang up. Anon he would gaze on the beautiful face pillowed on his bosom, and on the agonized friends around, and pray a shuddering prayer for forgiveness. His hours of torture wore on. A new dawn was looking her first on the world when the physician pronounced that Marian would live. "Thank God!" was John De Lyle's sincere ejaculation, but the words suddenly stiffened even upon the lips he was pressing to hers. Dizzily he made his way from the house. Down on the damp grass he flung himself, and dug his nails into the ground. But one thought throbbed in body and

soul—Constance, whom he so passionately loved, and from whom he had forever separated himself.

Two writhing hours passed before he could force himself to look the reality in the face. "It can't be helped—make the best of it," is sorry consolation, but it was all poor De Lyle had. "I have a great sin upon my soul," he murmured, at last. "How have I wronged poor Constance—and Marian too. One thing I can do," he added, while the veins on his forehead swelled up like cords, "she shall never know it." He rose, and going down to the river's brink, unhooked a row-boat and sculled himself across to the towpath of the canal, which here lies side by side with the Raritan. Jamming his hat down over his eyes, he walked that solitary path till the sun rode high, maturing a self-denying and noble purpose—the effort to be happy as well as make another happy.

It was hard—his teeth were set tight very often that day, to keep his voice and manner loving and happy. "Oh! my God, I am afraid I shall hate her," he whispered to himself.

That evening he wrote to Constance Bulkeley, a despairing bitterness filling his soul as he thought of the heavens growing suddenly dark above her head. The letter was returned unopened.

Song and color and odor roused from their rich visions on summer's breast, and threw health and buoyancy on Marian's head. Autumn came and pressed her ruddy cheek against the fruit, and then trailed her brown robes among the reapers, while John De Lyle was still trying to "file his mind." He could not bear to take his wife to the home where he had once hoped to welcome another.

Marian's happiness and love were overflowing, and in their luxuriance he tried to plant his tree of happiness.

One day he was sitting by the couch on which she was resting from a walk, when a letter from his mother was handed him. Marian saw that his brow contracted as he read, and when he had finished, playfully snatched it from him. It related entirely to his engagement with Miss Bulkeley, and he caught her hands quickly. "Give me that, if you please, Marian," said he. There was no explanation to make, and he put it in his pocket. Marian felt unpleasant about it all day.

His mother and sisters received Marian very coldly and distantly when at last he took her to New York. She was surprised and hurt, and he felt provoked, though he could not say a word. On this account he was obliged to commence housekeeping before he could command money

to do so in the style he had expected. Marian was often perplexed and annoyed at the many contrasts to her own home.

Charles Bulkeley, the brother of Constance, had been De Lyle's most intimate friend, his college-chum—his warm and sympathizing regard never failing. De Lyle could now only wish that he might not often cross his path. One day he was standing with some friends in Broadway, when he suddenly lifted his eyes and met those of Charles Bulkeley, from which shone a dark, contemptuous stare. De Lyle's face flushed to the very temples. The men that were with him knew Bulkeley, and knew him as an intimate friend of his own. It was little balm to his sore and mortified heart to think of the conjectures they might spread around. The next day he received a few lines from young Bulkeley, informing him in terms which might be characterized as rather emphatic, that if it were not for the exposure and consequent injury to his sister, he would give him a public horse-whipping. This De Lyle had to swallow. He did himself the justice, however, of writing to Bulkeley a full explanation, though he scarcely knew how to address him. The next time they met, that gentleman quietly looked the other way. He took out De Lyle's letter before his sister one day, saying, "Constance, I have a letter here from John De Lyle."

"Charles, have I not requested you never to mention that name to me?"

"But, Constance, this is something you ought to know."

"I wish to know no more. I read the notice in the paper."

"In justice to yourself——"

"Stop, Charles. Not a word more. This is foolishness, mockery. Why will you persist in reminding me of one I am trying to forget?"

"But, my dear sister——"

"Charles, have you no feeling? It is cruel—cruel," and she hurried from the room. The young man made one more attempt to disclose all to the wounded, embittered girl. He laid the letter in her way. She threw it into the fire.

Clients had been an instant necessity to De Lyle when he began practice, and the most of them had been procured by Charles Bulkeley's warm and generous efforts among his large family connection and extensive acquaintance. When it became known that they were not on speaking terms, many of these began to draw off. De Lyle did not actually need them now, but it stung his proud spirit to see the pre-occupied eye and averted face when Charles came in sight.

He had been entrusted by old Mr. Bulkely

with a prominent and lucrative cause, the mere connection with which had given him distinction. This, of course, he had resigned. Owing, perhaps, to the change of hands, it was decided soon after in favor of the opposing party, and thereby the old gentleman lost a great part of his property. De Lyle had always avoided young Bulkeley in the public thoroughfares, both from delicacy and his own feelings, but now people remarked it, and talked of his kicking down the ladder by which he had risen. This cut him more than all.

One day he took a check for a thousand dollars, which he had laid aside for the purchase of law books, and disguising his hand, sent it to Charles Bulkeley, as restitution from a person who had defrauded him of that amount. Something about the note was recognized, and the money returned the next day, with the intimation that the generosity of a street-sweeper would have prevented him from offering additional insult.

These things, joined to the yearning and regret now forbidden and useless, saddened the cricket on De Lyle's hearth. There never was but one being on earth who carried out a purpose unwaveringly to its fulfilment, and even He said, "How am I straitened till it be accomplished!" John was sometimes cold or careless or cross. Marian, an only and petted child, was exacting and capricious. She required many demonstrations and protestations of love, and her husband, with all his energies taxed for concealment, could not very well give them. Her spirit vibrated with gratitude for her almost miraculous recovery, and she loved to go over and over again the whole scene of their marriage, and the long night that followed, when light and joy were born out of darkness. She wondered and felt hurt that De Lyle always shrank from the subject. She was fond of ruling, and he was of a temper that would bear no dictation, no interference with his personal habits. He paid little attention to a violent antipathy she took to one or two of his frequent companions, and when her pretty, coaxing way failed of effect, she turned to pocket-handkerchief and Lubin. She had some habits which were very disagreeable to him. She opened all letters which came for him, although he tried to cure her by scrupulously refraining from doing the same; looked through his desk and rummaged in his drawers with the most perfect freedom. One Sunday afternoon she was amusing herself in this way, when she came upon a folded paper containing a long lock of raven hair—Miss Bulkeley's. "Whose is this, John?" she exclaimed. He rose and went behind her to conceal

his countenance, replying as carelessly as he could, "Whose is it? It would be hard for me to tell you, Marian. Perhaps you never knew I was a great favorite with the ladies, and they were constantly giving me locks of their hair, 'and sich,' as Topsy says. Don't ask me, Marian, I should be ashamed to say I did not know."

Despising himself for the equivocation, he watched her progress, fearing she might come to some other undestroyed keepsake. Presently she found a tiny volume of sonnets. "*From Constance Bulkeley*. What an exquisite Italian hand! Who is she? You never told me about her."

"Didn't I?" said De Lyle.

"No; is she any relative of the Mr. Bulkeley who was in college with you?"

"His sister."

"Ah—and so she gave you a book of poems. Did you know her very well?"

"Yes."

"What was she like? You deal in monosyllables to-day. Was she tall or short? was she a great talker? was she *fast*?"

"She would be called tall, I suppose. She was *prononce* in her style, but decidedly not a *fast* young lady."

"What color were her eyes?"

"Black."

"Why does her brother never come here? I thought he was your bosom friend."

"Really, Marian, I believe you could conduct a cross-examination as well as I could. How can I tell you? He does not live in the city."

"You correspond, don't you?"

"No."

As time passed on, Marian began to see that her love was not all returned—that there was a hidden recess in her husband's heart, the curtain of which she might not lift. She would often gaze wistfully at the cloud on his brow, and long to know its cause that she might try to sweep it away. Her disappointed feelings made her peevish and captious. She became annoyed at the slightest attention to other ladies.

"Jealous, Marian," exclaimed John, with curling lips, when he found this out, "I tell you plainly I will not be governed by such nonsense. It is too contemptible."

She burst into tears, and he turned on his heel. This was not the last of such painful scenes, for John's temper was high. Still he could not help being touched by Marian's clinging, idolizing love, and had begun to feel real affection for her. As soon as he could afford it, he purchased a new house on Twenty-First street, and pleased himself with arranging every

thing to please her. She was completely separated from his own family. Every attempt of Marian's to ingratiate herself had only widened the breach, until there was a tacit agreement that it was best to keep apart. Their beautiful baby's christening party was their house-warming, and its little soft fingers might have woven tightly the threads of their affection, but its mother was jealous of De Lyle's pride and delight in it—jealous of her own child!

So, gradually, Marian's brows drew together, and her temper soured. Her parents noticed it, and blamed De Lyle. One day they received a letter from her, full of vague discontent, and Mr. Wood took the cars and rode into the city.

"John," he commenced after a few moments conversation with his son-in-law, "I know it is a delicate matter to interfere between man and wife, but——" and he proceeded, in his stiff, formal manner, to take De Lyle to task for his wife's altered spirits.

John's eyes flashed, "I hold myself accountable to no man for my actions, sir," said he.

"John, recollect that my interest in Marian's happiness is as deep as yours. I am her father."

"Though you were twenty times her father, if she thinks fit to appeal to you to take her part, I am both sorry and indignant."

"That is not the proper spirit, my son," and the old gentleman plodded on, till De Lyle lost his temper, and words passed which rendered it impossible for Mr. Wood ever again to cross his son-in-law's threshold.

With a burning heart, John De Lyle ran up to his wife's bedroom. "Marian, was it a pleasant feeling after you had descended so low as to complain to others of my unkindness?"

"What do you mean, John? I never did such a thing."

"Take care, Marian, you have hitherto kept clear of falsehood at least. Your father has just been here. Do you dare to tell me that you have not been to him with tales?"

"Most certainly I do. To think of my making complaints of you to any living being, if I had twenty times as much cause as I have."

"Let me tell you, madam, you think yourself ill-used, but there are ten women who have more reason for thinking so to one that has less."

"I never denied it, John—that makes it no better for me. But that I ever said anything against you, is not true. You may believe me, my husband."

"Your father must have inferred it, then, from your manner of speaking and writing."

"I cannot help my manner," and Marian burst into tears, "if I feel sad and disappointed

I suppose it shows itself. Oh! I wish I had never left my home?"

"I wish to heaven you never had!"

The words were repented as soon as spoken; but when he would have apologized, and soothed Marian's wild sobs, she pushed him away.

The next day he denied himself the purchase of a beautiful Claude, in order to buy something for Marian, and selected a pearl necklace, at Ball & Blacks, which cost more than he could afford

He had not seen her since he left her the day before. She received a little bouquet he offered, with a smile, but one of such deep melancholy, that tears started to his eyes.

"Forgive a hasty word," he whispered. "You know that I love you, my own Marian."

"I try to keep the belief, John."

"I know that you are unhappy, and the knowledge is one of my hardest trials. How different from what I hoped! We must both learn more forbearance."

One evening, at Nahant, about seven years after John De Lyle's marriage, he suddenly perceived Miss Bulkeley standing in a quadrille at the upper end of the room. Her head had a prouder lift, her eye was calm, and she was talking gaily to her partner. De Lyle watched her all the evening, priding himself that he could do so with so much composure. He felt glad that grief had not left traces on her brow and manner, and yet sorry—not sorry, exactly, but piqued. Had it indeed been so slight? He determined to throw himself in her way. It appeared no effort, the calmness with which her eye met his, and he went to sleep that night questioning, was it self-command or indifference? Meanwhile, she was pacing her little room, her heart and brain in a perfect tumult. Before morning she had worked herself into such excitement as to lose sight of the instinctive resolve of self-respect—utter oblivion of De Lyle's presence. "He may think I cannot trust myself. Anything rather than that!"

The people with whom she had come to Nahant, knew Mr. De Lyle, and one of the ladies asked permission to present him. His brow flushed, but she was perfectly unembarrassed; her reception of him not exactly that to a new acquaintance, but one admitting the bare fact that they had met before. He could not answer her first question. And as days passed on, his desire to do so grew stronger. Oh! John De Lyle what was it to you? Constance was changed. There was a bitterness and a sarcasm in her remarks, at which Young America laughed and said that it gave point and piquancy to her

conversation. There were only a few, like the minister of Lennar, who saw that some personal experience had sharpened the blade, and pointed out the weak joint of armor. People said she had great energy and strength of character—perhaps twenty years hence might become “strong-minded!” Was this all? Had she entirely succeeded in effacing her former lover’s image from her heart? She received all his attentions unhesitatingly—even braced herself to be alone with him; and her success was that perfect success which banishes all idea of effort.

If she had been trying to bring De Lyle back to her feet she could not have found anything more effectual than that cold, proud smile, and haughty bearing. They urged him on day by day. From some casual remark he discovered that she was ignorant of the history of his marriage. If he only could tell her! The contempt which stung him so much would not be quite so great.

There was a tired look in Miss Bulkeley’s brilliant eyes, one afternoon, as she opened her portfolio to sketch a twilight rock, and the mockery of her smile had something of sadness. This was all that was needed to unlock the pent-up fountains in De Lyle’s heart. He forgot himself—forgot Marian—forgot everything, and poured his whole story into her ear. She sat pale and motionless, and at last said, in a voice hoarse with emotion,

“I don’t know whether I ought to thank you for telling me this, and yet I do. My contempt for the race to which I belong will be a little less bitter, and——”

“Pray go on.”

“Don’t ask me. I have suffered too—am suffering still.”

“Constance.”

“Do you rejoice in it?”

“No, but tell me you pity me—tell me you love me still.”

“Spare me, Mr. De Lyle, if you have one spark of your former generosity. This is no conversation for us—it must never be renewed—you hear me?”

“You shall be obeyed; but promise me one thing—that we may be friends.”

“I don’t know whether, with my memories, I can feel *friendship* for you, John. God knows, I wish I could. We must go back to the house now.”

Poor Marian! She had heard all. She had been reading in a recess of the rock beneath whose shadow they had seated themselves, and had remained rooted to the spot. She felt her senses leaving her, and vainly trying to call

after the retreating forms, fainted away in that lonely place.

She struggled back to consciousness by herself, and dragged her tottering body to her room. That night, in the parlor, she was the gayest of the gay. A burning crimson spot in each cheek, and the feverish excitement in her eyes made her more beautiful than ever. Since her marriage, she had been wrapped up in her husband, and cared for no admiration or attention from others, but now she brought to light all the buried artillery of flirtation. The gentlemen thronged around her. A young French count, who had been fêted all along Fifth Avenue, the last winter, was peculiarly assiduous. The next day it was the same. No one had ever seen her so brilliant, so eager for excitement. Nothing came amiss to her except quiet, she was always ready, she went to all lengths in her hot, restless career. Her jest and repartee never failed. The wild joy of triumph sat on her brow as she saw herself dazzling once more. Monsieur le Comte became gallant, even tender, and she recklessly met him half-way. People said the beautiful Mrs. De Lyle was flirting desperately, and wondered that her husband did not interfere. But he was entirely absorbed in his wistful devotion to Constance Bulkeley, and if he noticed her at all felt glad that she seemed enjoying herself more than usual. Miss Bulkeley’s calm manner, and his own care prevented his attentions being noticed, and still, for her own sake, Miss Bulkeley every day intended to leave Nahant, and yet every day prolonged the dangerous delight. One evening, Mr. De Lyle was standing with her in the recess of a window, when she quietly laid her hand on his arm, and looked toward his wife. He followed her glance. There was no mistaking the *tableau vivante*. The comte and Mrs. De Lyle had just passed from a redowa. He was bending down to look into her eyes, and she was pretending to turn away, with a smile provokingly sweet, and provokingly saucy. Many a significant gaze was on them. De Lyle ground his teeth, turned and stepped out of the window behind him. When the guests dispersed to their rooms, he sought that of his wife. She was not there. With a fierce brow he went down stairs, and vainly searched through drawing-rooms, halls and piazzas. As he was turning away, he saw the count emerge from a dark corner of the piazza, and caught the rustle of a silken scarf speeding up the staircase. He followed, but Marian’s door was locked, and no knocking could gain admittance.

There are always sharp eyes “to the fore,” as

the Irish say, in a watering-place, and tongues, too. People were glad to have something decided to form the cap-sheaf to what had been amusing them for one or two weeks. De Lyle found in his early walk the next morning that scandal had been busy with Marian's fair name. As he passed a group of young men, he heard one say, "There he is—there he is." "Ah! *il marito*," drawled another, "poor fellow!" "Good, easy man," said a third.

His very toes tingled, but he went on. He encountered a friend, who gave him a sympathizing hand-pressure. He could have knocked him down. Farther on he heard the young Frenchman's, "Ah *non, non*; it is too bad, madam is *charmante* and—*ch bien! ch bien!*"

De Lyle burst into Marian's room, and overwhelmed her with reproaches and invective.

She rose from the sofa, her eyes shining with indignation.

"And do *you* dare to speak to me in this way?"

"Dare? yes, madam."

"You have no right."

"No right! what do you mean?"

"Is it possible you have never thought? Mr. De Lyle, I was a listener to your conversation with Miss Bulkeley the other day. I know all."

He looked at her fixedly for a moment, and then sat down in silence.

A half-hour passed. Marian lifted her head at last with just strength enough to murmur, "Send me home—send me home."

Her husband raised his haggard face. "Marian, it appears to me that you had best not go yet—that is, if you can endure my society. I have done you a great wrong. I do not wish to add to it by being the cause of blighting your reputation. You have allowed this French puppy to

lead you so far that if we separate now society will stamp you at once. I am willing to lay aside all the anger and mortification you will perhaps say I have no right to feel, and assist you in regaining a firm standing—by placing open confidence in you, to make the world retrace its steps if I can."

"Oh, what do I care for the world! Let me go home at once."

"Certainly, Marian, if you wish; but do not decide rashly, for your own sake—for the sake of our little girl."

The next winter opened with Marian De Lyle in Twenty-First street, a gay leader of fashion, but a broken-hearted woman. Her greenhouse, her exquisite boudoir were evidence of her husband's kindness. Her Wednesday evenings were very brilliant, and his attention very manifest. The young men concluded down at Snedicker's that they must have been mistaken last summer—the elderly ladies against the wall whispered the same thing behind their fans.

As spring violets crept into the bouquets, Mrs. De Lyle's health required a trip to Europe. No one doubted it who looked at the hollow cheek to which rouge alone lent a lustre. Through the broken arches of the Coliseum, and on the shores of lake Leman a sad and silent pair wandered for a time, till at some celebrated German bath, their separation was finally accomplished. Marian, with her little girl, remaining there to be under the care of the physician—so it was given out—and De Lyle taking passage at Havre for New York. He walked down to his office every morning the same as ever. You would detect no difference in him from the passing crowd, and perhaps there are many among them who like him, bear on to the grave a bitter, disappointed and remorseful heart.

THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 251.

CHAPTER VIII.

CATHARINE was content in her new home. She had been so completely worn out with suffering and excitement, that any place, which ensured quiet and rest, was a home to her.

Besides, she found objects of interest in that humble shanty that won her thoughts quietly from her own grief. She was so young and naturally so hopeful, that anything calculated to arouse affection in her nature visited it with soft healing. The nurse's child awoke her heart from its sorrow with a strange influence, thrilling and sweet. She would hold it fondly on her lap, smooth its silken hair with her fingers, kiss its soft lips, its sleepy eyes, and its plump little foot, with an outgush of tenderness that seemed more than motherly. With all her gratitude to Mary Margaret, she could not so caress and love her loud-voiced, hearty little boy. She could not even grieve over the loss of her own child, with that little creature lifting its soft, wondering eyes to her own so earnestly. She loved to sit in the back-door of the shanty, with the mock-orange vine and the morning-glories framing her in, as if she had been one of those golden-haired Madonnas that Guido loved to paint, that seem half air, half light, and caress the child, that was joy enough for her. Mary Margaret being out most of the day, Catharine was left to the healthful influences of these tender associations. She was still very pale, and her eyes were circled with shadows, like those that trembled upon the wall from the half-open morning-glories. She began to feel less desolate, and as if neither God nor man had entirely forsaken her.

But with all her gentleness and delicacy, Catharine had become precocious in principle. She had many firm and settled thoughts beyond her years. Suffering had done a holy work with that young soul, and while the dews of first youth were on her nature, she was strong in pure womanly principle. She felt that it was wrong to remain a burden on her poor friends a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. Yet when she thought of going, and looked on the child,

a pang smote her, and it seemed as if her young heart must be uprooted afresh before she could give him up.

Poor, motherless girl, and childless mother! She was not yet sixteen, and so delicate that it seemed as if a gush of air might prostrate her.

Two weeks passed in comparative tranquillity. No one inquired after Catharine; and she might have been dead for all her former friends knew or cared about the matter. Her aunt believed her to be with Madame De Mark, and that wicked old woman neither asked, nor cared, what had befallen her.

One morning, before Mary Margaret went out to her day's work, Catharine spoke of her determination to find some employment for herself. At first, the kind woman objected, but her good sense directly came in action, and she saw how impossible it was that a creature, so superior, should be long content with a life in her humble abode.

But what could Catharine do? She understood a little of millinery and ornamental needle-work, but well she knew the precariousness of resources like these to a homeless female. One thing was certain, she must henceforth depend on herself. Her relatives had forsaken her. The husband whom she had so fatally trusted was gone, she knew not whither—gone, she had been told, to avoid her, and to cast off the responsibilities which were to burden her so fatally. This was the bitter drop in Catharine's cup. This was the arrow that pierced her, wherever she turned. She could not entirely believe this evil of the man she had loved, but her soul was troubled with a doubt more painful than certainty.

Still, something must be done. She could not remain there, a helpless burden upon the industry of others.

Mary Margaret entered into her feelings with prompt tact. But what was to be done? With no one to recommend her, scarcely possessed of decent clothes to wear, without the power to explain the miseries of her condition, who would receive her? These considerations daunted even

Mary Margaret, but at last a bright idea seized upon the good woman, she began to see her way out of the difficulty.

"There are societies," she said, "in New York, with oceans of money, just got up for the purpose of helping innocent creatures when the world casts them adrift. What if Catharine offered to one of these societies? The directors were all ladies that would of course have feeling for their fellow-creatures."

Catharine brightened with the idea. A band of benevolent women, with abundant means and gentle compassion, ready for poor wanderers like her. It promised to be an oasis in the desert of her life. In every one of those women she imagined an angel of mercy ready to receive and comfort.

It seemed a great blessing to her that so much benevolence could be concentrated at one point, harvesting year after year for the good of humanity. Yes! she would apply to this society; if destitution and misery was a claim, where could a better right than hers be found?

Mary Margaret gave up her day's work, and accompanied Catharine to the home of benevolence. It would have done your heart good to hear those unsophisticated creatures congratulating each other that so much good yet existed in the world, and that women could be found willing to devote their fortunes and precious time to the helpless and the unfortunate.

"Of course," said Mary Margaret, "they'll see the whole truth in yer innocent eyes at once, and all ye'll have to do 'ill be just to hold out yer hand and take the money that their blissed hearts 'ill be jumpen to give. I shouldn't wonder now," continued the good woman, warming with her subject, "if some of the ladies should insist on takin' ye into her own house and makin' a lady on ye entirely."

Catharine smiled. There was something so hopeful in her companion's voice, that she could not help yielding to its influence, though her heart was very heavy at the thought of leaving the poor orphan child, who had woven itself so closely around her wounded affections.

At length their walk terminated, and Mary Margaret rang, with no abatement of confidence, at the door of a large house, occupied by one of the principal officers of a society, abundantly endowed by the trusting charity of many a Christian countrywoman, who, like our two friends, fancied that an institution like this could only be guarded by angels on earth, long-suffering, self-sacrificing angels, whose holy mission common mortals must not dare to investigate much less condemn.

The door was opened by a woman, who received them with the air which is peculiar to those who have been inmates in our penitentiaries, subdued into a sleek, unnatural quietness more revolting than her original audacity would have been.

"The lady directress was within," she said, "but engaged just then. They could sit down in the hall and wait if they liked, or come again."

There was something about the atmosphere of the house, that chilled Catharine to the soul; and even Mary Margaret, whose faith in humanity would have extracted sunbeams from a snow-drift, felt anxious and depressed.

The hall was very cold, and they were chilled with the wind of a bleak November day. Catharine shivered beneath her thin shawl, and Mary Margaret insisted on folding a portion of her own grey cloak around her, using this as an excuse for a hearty embrace or two, which left the poor girl a little less nervous and disconsolate than she would have been.

Once or twice a side door opened, and some poor, want-stricken woman came out, and moved slowly toward the front door. Catharine observed that there was a look of angry defiance on one face, and that another was bathed in tears. She wondered strangely at this. Why should the poor woman go away from a place like that angry or weeping? These thoughts made her shrink closer to Mary Margaret, and she longed to ask that kind creature to leave the place and take her home again. Three persons had come out from the side door, and gone forth to the street with sullen, discontented faces, when our two friends were summoned from the hall. They entered a parlor elaborately furnished, and warmed to a degree that made Catharine faint, coming in as she did from the cold air of the hall. A table, with a small desk upon it, stood before the fire, and between that and the cheerful blaze sat a tall and exceedingly sanctimonious person, clothed in a blue merino dress, gathered in folds around the waist and fitting tightly at the throat.

Catharine's heart sunk as she met this woman's eyes, the expression was so schooled—the sleek, hypocritical air was so transparent. She had evidently assumed the saint, till she absolutely believed in her own infallibility. Hollow and selfish to the core, she had no idea that it was not a praiseworthy and most holy action to sit in pampered ease from morning to night, and use the money provided, by the truly benevolent, as a means of lacerating and wounding those who were compelled to submit to her unwomanly curiosity and sly dictation.

This woman had subdued her long, tallow-wave of the hand, "but if she is so feeble as that, I would remind you that this is not a hospital."

"I am not ill, madam," said Catharine, with feeling, "but I am homeless and almost friendless."

"Then," said the lady, bowing blandly, and caressing her hands again, "this is your proper home; that is, providing you can be made useful to the cause, and know how to feel proper respect for the dignity of the board."

"I trust," answered Catharine, gently, "that I shall not be deficient in proper respect for anything that is in itself respectable."

"What!" ejaculated the lady of professional benevolence, sharply, while the bloom on her nose grew radiant, "perhaps I didn't understand you?"

"I merely intended to say, madam, that anything which is true and upright, never can lack respect. Even wicked people are forced to reverence goodness."

"Very true, very true. I have often felt this when addressed by individuals of the common grade. Sometimes one is forced to bring the duty of respect before them in forcible language; but it is sure to come, sometimes in silent homage, sometimes in tears, sometimes with sullen discontent; but it's sure to come, before a dollar is paid out from the funds of this institution."

"Well," said Mary Margaret, innocently, "if yer ladyship buys up respect by the dollar's worth, I'm just the person that'll sell bushel-baskets full at a time, especially regarding yer honor's ladyship, for I'm brimming over with reverence for ye, from the crown of yer head to the sowl of yer foot, and yer welcome to it all, only give this poor young crathur a helpin' hand into the wide, wide world again. It isn't for the likes of her to be kept in a shanty like ours anyhow."

Even this singular blending of irony and blarney had its effect upon the Lady Bountiful, who had learned to feed a voracious vanity with husks as well as grain. She smiled sanctimoniously on the buxom Irish woman, and gave her hands an extra twirl, stretching her neck and rustling her dress like a heron pluming itself.

"You seem a very sensible woman. Such warmth of piety does you credit," she said. "It is persons like you, strong and healthy, ready to work in return for our charity, and to feel the depth of the benefit conferred, that our society rejoice in helping. How many children have you, my good woman?"

Mary Margaret gave the number of her

In truth, the woman was a finished character. The only human feeling to which she ever gave way was that of intense self-adulation. Even in her prayers she could not refrain from thanksgiving, that so perfect a creature as herself had ever been given to a sinful world. She was an absolute study, if poor Catharine had possessed the experience or the will to read her. Nature had done everything toward forming the character she had so long assumed, that it seemed to be her own. Her tall, precise figure—the slim, long hand, of a dead white and always cold, the narrow face with its dull pallor, all these were greatly in her favor—but there was one feature of the demure face not quite under subjection. The long nose harmonized with the drooping features beautifully both in form and color, but just at the end—as if her true nature must break forth somewhere—it glowed out with a fiery redness marvelous to behold. All the heat and redness that should have warmed her thin lips, centred there, as if the nose had instituted some private experiments on the merits of the Maine law, and had resolved to keep its pleasant researches a secret from the other sanctimonious features.

"Well," said the benevolent lady, softly, folding her hands over each other and back again, with solemn graciousness, "well!"

Catharine leaned upon the table for support. The very presence of this woman made her faint. Her own sensitive nature recoiled from that hollow mockery of benevolence, sitting in state before her. Mary Margaret saw how pale the poor girl became and ran for a chair.

"She is sickly, ma'am, for all them red cheeks as she had a minute ago, and it's tiresome standin' long," said the good woman, planting herself by the seat which she had thus considerably provided, with a feeling that after all the place was not quite a paradise.

"I do not object to the young person sitting down if she is ill," said Mrs. Batewood, with a

children, finishing with a burst of maternal eulogium on the health and beauty of the youngest born.

"Then," she continued, "there is the little charity baby, just as good as my own, that's got a face like an angel's, and eats like a batten; arrah, but that's the boy for ye, with his soft, sunshiny hair, and eyes like the bluest robin's egg; to say nothing of the old man, who wins mate and drink for us all, when there's work to be had."

"Then you did not come for help?"

"Not on me own account, yer ladyship's reverence, if I may call ye so, on account of the beauty and holliness that's in ye. There is potatoes growin' in the bit of garden, and a pig at the back door, that'll keep the hunger out yet awhile; but this sweet young crathur, if yer reverential piety will just turn itself on her!"

"So many children and a husband without work, that is a hard case," persisted the Lady Bountiful, brimming over with gratified vanity, which she solemnly believed to be an outburst of charity, "something must be done for you: wait a moment."

The lady arose, opened a store-room adjoining her parlor, and after some research drew forth a pair of heavy, woollen stockings, which some blessed old farmer's wife had sent down to the city in a donation of old clothes, firm in the belief that her little mite would work out a miracle of redemption somewhere among the Sodomites of a great city.

"Here," she said, with a look of intense benevolence, holding out the yarn stockings, which by the way were not mates, "take these, and in gratitude to the society, make a good use of them. Don't use our benevolence as an excuse for waste and idleness; but remember that an obligation like this, received unworthily, can never prove a permanent blessing. Take them, good woman, and while you receive our bounty with a just appreciation of its value, we will remember you in our prayers."

It was beautiful to see the tears spring up, cold and heavy, like melting hail-stones, into those lustreless eyes, as the hackneyed philanthropist, overwhelmed with the magnitude of her own virtues, held out the huge, moth-eaten stockings to the astonished Irish woman.

"Don't hold back, you may accept the charity of our society without fear; beneficence is its most heavenly attribute. You see before you a proof that where the object is worthy, we are always ready to be liberal."

Mary Margaret took the stockings, tucked one under her arm, while she thrust her hand

into the other, which came out at an opening in the heel, doubled up like a sledge-hammer.

Catharine, amid all her anxiety, could not check the smile, that quivered on her lips, from breaking into a low laugh.

The Lady Bountiful gave her a look of spiteful indignation, which Mary Margaret was quick to observe.

"She's overjoyed at my good luck, yer ladyship," said the kind woman, withdrawing her hand into the foot of the stocking, "ye don't know what a grateful crathur she is, always smiling like that when good comes to a friend. Now I dare say she was thinkin' that a ball of yarn, and a darning needle, would make these the most iligant pair of stockings that an honest man can put on his feet; and she knows, too, that I'm the woman that can darn as well as the queen herself. Now, marm, that you've overcome me with your goodness intirely, just give her a turn of your benevolent attention."

"She looks sickly. Besides, I'm afraid she will prove one of the stiff-necked and rebellious class of persons, whose ingratitude has pierced the society so often. But I will ask her a few questions. Will the individual tell me where she was born?"

"Is it important that you should know?" questioned Catharine, in a suppressed voice.

"Certainly, justice may be blind, but charity never is!"

"I have no reason for concealment; but it seems an unnecessary question. I do not ask for money, or charity of any kind. I supposed that a society, established for benevolent purposes, would gladly help a poor girl to obtain some means of earning her own livelihood. It is not charity that I ask, but help; such as one woman may give to another, quietly and with a feeling of sisterhood. This is what I expected."

"Then you refuse to answer my questions. How am I to know whether you are worthy or not?"

"If I were unworthy, would you be likely to learn it from my own lips? But I will not refuse; it may be necessary. I was born in the city."

"What is your name? Who are your relatives? How came you here?"

Catharine turned quite pale ere she answered. For the first time in her life she came near assuming her husband's name. It was an act of disobedience, for, until his return, he had forbidden this; but she shrunk from her own name as if it were a disgrace; it seemed to her that every one must know that she was a childless mother. She hesitated, her color came and went, the fear

of disgrace struggled hard against her natural dread of assuming her husband's name unauthorized. At last her resolution was taken. She would risk everything rather than disobey the man whom she had loved and trusted so entirely. He might be false to her, but she would still hold firm to her promise—never till he came back would she take his name.

While Catharine reflected, that woman's cold eyes were upon her, passionless and steady as if she quietly enjoyed the crimson as it flushed and paled on her face.

At last Catharine gave her maiden name, but it was in a low, faltering voice, and with a sharp struggle to keep the tears from her eyes.

"You are single, of course?" questioned the woman, suspiciously, eyeing her from head to foot.

"No, I have been married."

"And is this your husband's name?"

Catharine clasped her hands so tightly, that the blood left them even to the rounded nails. She looked at Mary Margaret and at her cold, hard questioner, as if she would have asked pity even with those eyes upon her.

"No," she answered, at last, "it is not his name, I have never borne it."

"Why?"

"We were married privately, and without his mother's consent."

"I thought so—I was sure of it," exclaimed the woman, softly, caressing her hands again, as if they had detected the wrong in this young girl's character, and she was assuring them of her approbation, "and so you were married privately, without his mother's consent, and without certificate, I dare say."

"No, I had a certificate," replied Catharine, with tears of shame and anger in her eyes. "I had a certificate, but it is gone—lost or stolen, I suppose."

"Lost or stolen—where?"

"At the hospital, when I was sick."

"Oh! ha. So you have been in the institution. I thought so—I thought so," cried the woman, with cold exultation. "In what ward did they place you?"

Catharine did not shrink or tremble now. There was nothing in the remembrance of her maternal anguish and bereavement, to burn her cheek with shame, though it might be blanched with sorrow. She answered firmly, but in a low voice,

"I was a wife, and they put me among those who had become mothers in their poverty."

"A wife—a mother—and no certificate—that seems strange—and you even say it to me, me—

a lady whose life has been one series of the most perfect rectitude—me a director in this board, a person who has passed through the very dregs of sin in her pious search after objects of charity, and kept herself white as snow all the time. Are you not afraid that these uncontaminated boards will shrink apart beneath your feet, as they witness this attempt to impose on us?"

Catharine had learned "to suffer and grow strong." Child as she was in all worldly things, there lay a power in her nature, that rose to defend the innocence thus coarsely arraigned. She was pale, but it was a proud, calm pallor, which told how powerfully the blood had flowed back upon her heart, as an army gathers around a citadel when fiercely assailed.

"I have not attempted to impose on you, madam. Circumstances may be against me; but you know, in your innermost heart, that what I have said is the truth. But why do you ask these questions? Who gives you authority to tear out the secrets from a human soul, before you will extend help to a fellow-creature? A fellow-creature who only asks the means of earning her own bread in humble peace. What if I were all that you think me, a weak, betrayed, or if you will, wicked young creature—am I the less an object of charity, or of kindness? Have I ceased to be a human being with human wants? Was it thus that our Saviour received the erring and the sinful? Is it thus that our God deals with them here, and at this day? Does he forbid them to earn their bread by honest labor, because of sins that may have been repented of? Does he withhold the sunshine, the rain, and the blossoms of the earth from their enjoyment? I ask you again, would it be a just reason for withholding food and shelter from me, if I *had* done all the wrong you suspect?"

The Lady Philanthropist really seemed a little moved. A vague speculation came into her eyes, and the yellowish white of her complexion became ashen; but it was with rage at this unheard of audacity, not with any gentle acknowledgment of the truth in that young creature's words. As Catharine ceased speaking, the woman of many virtues folded the skirt of her dress closer about her person, as if to shield herself from the contagion of such sinful audacity, and once more folding her hands, sunk into a cold, Pharisaical attitude again.

"Oh," she said, with her eyes lifted devoutly to the cornice, "I sometimes wonder that these sacred walls—yes, I may be excused for calling them sacred, for are they not consecrated to charity?—I sometimes wonder that these walls do not fall down and crush the audacious wicked—

ness that sometimes intrudes itself here. Young person, it is not that you have committed this heinous wrong which offends me. Our society is founded in sin, and established in iniquity. Our mission is more particularly to the sinful, and from them is derived our chief glory; but every one who comes here must contribute something to the cause. Are you willing to become an example to confess your manifold sins, and give the particulars of your dissolute life, that they can be advertised in the public prints, and embodied in our own annual reports, setting forth the repentance which our kindness and prayers have wrought in you, and the heroism with which you published your crimes that others may take warning? By this means, my dear child, you will not only be snatched as a brand from the burning, but the cause will be strengthened, and means will flow in to secure other cases like your own, by which our country friends, who have done so much for the regeneration of this vile city, shall be satisfied that we are up and doing, in season and out of season."

The woman had arisen and taken Catharine's hand in both hers, during the latter portion of this speech. The cold, glittering tears dropped, one by one, from her eyes, and rolled with sanctimonious slowness down her cheeks.

"What is it that you desire of me?" said Catharine, bewildered by this solemn acting. "What have I done?"

"What do I desire? Why that you confess and forsake your sin, but especially confess. I am ready and willing to take down every word of the fearful narrative, as it falls from your lips. Oh! my dear child, you have it in your power to aid us in accomplishing a great work—begin, dear child, begin!"

The woman seated herself at the table, and took up a steel pen, sharp and hard as herself, which she dipped in an inkstand, shook lightly, and held ready to pounce on a sheet of paper, already arranged, the moment Catharine's lips should unclose.

"Come, my poor, sweet child, don't hesitate; take up the cross and begin; what was the first step?"

"Madam, I do not understand. What do you wish me to say? I have done wrong in marrying my husband without the consent of his mother, but beyond this I have nothing but grief and poverty to confess!"

Again the tears rolled down that woman's face. She sighed heavily and shrouded her forehead with one hand. Then she shook her head, and looked mournfully at the two women, muttering something in a solemn undertone.

At last she lifted up her head, and smiled benignly.

"I see. This is a case that requires time. I will lay it before the board. Doubtless the good seed has been planted in our conversation, to-day, and the sisters will strengthen my hands to reap in due season."

"Then you will find the sweet crathur a place and recommend her entirely!" exclaimed Mary Margaret, coming to the point at once.

"We will, as I have just said, take her case into consideration," replied the directress, blandly. "You can go home, good woman, for according to your light I do not doubt that you are good. This person can remain here, I should prefer to have her directly under my own care."

Mary Margaret hesitated, and looked wistfully at Catharine, who returned the glance with a look of gentle submission, that went to the poor woman's heart.

"I'll come, to-morrow, and bring both the babies with me, niver fear," she said, struggling to keep back her tears, "and remember, darlint, if the worst comes to the worst, there's the shantey and the childer, where ye'll be welcome as the blissed sunshine every day of the year. So don't be down-hearted, or put upon by that cowl'd-hearted pretender, or the likes of her any how."

The latter portion of this speech was delivered in a whisper; and wringing Catharine's hand, Mary Margaret went out, with some new ideas of professional philanthropy that puzzled her honest brain not a little. A motherly old woman passed her in the hall. She was dressed in black silk and had an old-fashioned Methodist bonnet on, which varied but slightly from those worn by strict Quakers, and which are lost sight of now save by a few old primitive Wesleyans, like the woman we are introducing. The old woman stood aside to allow the Irish woman a free passage, and looked after her with a kind, genial smile, which almost asked if the great-hearted Christian could do the Irish woman any good. Mary Margaret understood the look and answered it at once.

"If ye could only say a kind word for the young crathur in yonder now," she whispered, confidentially, "she's as innocent as a baby, and so handy about house; if ye could only take her home with yoursel' now, it'd be like letting the blissed sunshine into yer door."

"Who is it?" questioned Mrs. Barr, "a child?"

"Almost, and yet she's been the mother of a child."

"Poor thing!" said the old lady.

“You may well say that—but she’s the innocentest crathur in the wide world. So please believe everything she says. It’s true, every word of it.”

The old woman looked into Mary Margaret’s eyes an instant, searchingly, but with kindness, and answered,

“Yes, if you say it is true, I shall believe it.”

“God bless ye forever and ever for that same!” exclaimed the Irish woman, warmly, and she went out, satisfied that she had obtained a friend for her protegee.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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THE WIFE'S INFLUENCE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"HALLO! What's the hurry, Ned? Flying off to the conjugal nest again? You are the very fellow I wanted to see. Perkins, and Caldwell, and myself are going to Absecom, day after to-morrow, on a gunning expedition; and wish you to make the fourth. Come now, that's a good fellow."

"Thank you, Sanford, but you forget that I am an antiquated family man, of nearly two years' standing. I've given up all my bachelor follies, my dear sir," replied Edward Maurice, laughingly.

"Surely you have played the devoted to Mrs. Maurice long enough. She can certainly spare you for a week," was the answer, with a slight sneer.

"But I don't wish to be spared," retorted Maurice, good-humoredly.

A slight whistle escaped from Mr. Sanford, and he replied. "What a change has come over you! They say there's the finest shooting there that has been for years; and you used to be such a famous shot too!"

"You can't tempt me."

"I hope you're not becoming a 'sap,' Ned," was the half contemptuous answer.

"No. Only a staid Benedict," said Maurice, who had too much good sense, and loved his wife too dearly, to be laughed out of showing his affection. "But it's my dinner hour, so good-bye."

Sanford stood, for a moment, when his friend had left, gazing after him quite pityingly; and then went on his way, laughing to himself, as he thought of the fun he should have, when showing up poor, hen-pecked Maurice to his old cronies.

The husband, in the meanwhile, hurried toward his pleasant home, sure of a glad welcome from his wife. On his road, he saw a lad selling bouquets, and as they were the last of the season, he purchased one for Mrs. Maurice, saying, "it will please her, she loves flowers so."

But he was doomed to a disappointment, and one all the more poignant, because it was the first in his married life. When he reached home, no wife came to meet him. He looked for her in the parlor, and then in the sitting-room, but finding her in none of these places, went to the nursery, where he discovered her, in dishabille, holding the infant, while the nursery-maid stood idly by.

Mr. Maurice had one peculiarity. He liked to see a lady dressed for dinner. As his wife had always done this, his first idea, on finding her here, and in such a costume, was that the babe was seriously ill.

"My dear, is he very sick?" he cried, hastening to her.

"Oh! no, I believe not; only a little fretful: he's teething, you know."

The face of Mr. Maurice brightened. He kissed his wife and child, and holding up the bouquet, said,

"How relieved I am! And here is a bouquet, one of the last of the season, which I have bought you, dearest."

The child extended its hands, attracted by the gay flowers. Without a moment's hesitation, Mrs. Maurice transferred the bouquet to the infant, who began immediately thrashing it about, so that the carpet was soon strewn with the fallen leaves and petals.

The countenance of the husband fell. He could not help recalling the time, when his bouquets had been carefully preserved, the water being changed daily. Of late several examples of this too exclusive devotion to the infant, this making it first and him secondary, had forced themselves on his notice: but he had never been so much hurt as he was now. He thought of the dishabille also.

"If the child had been really sick, I would not have cared," he said to himself, as he went to his chamber to arrange his toilet a little for

dinner. "But if things go on this way, Ellen will degenerate into a sloven. She lets that child make her a slave."

Some one has said that married people should avoid a first quarrel; for that quarreling, once begun, is always recurring. We would say, that they should be careful to avoid, in any way, giving cause for alienation.

Things went now from bad to worse with the Maurices. Every day, the mother became more the slave of the child, alike to its injury and to that of her health. The infant became spoiled by her excessive devotion, while she lost both her blooming cheeks and her tidy personal appearance. Mr. Maurice found her, week by week, less of a companion. She took no interest, now, in visiting their friends; their favorite authors were neglected; she never had time even to converse rationally with her husband. The doings and sayings of the child were all that interested her; and of them only could she talk.

At last Mr. Maurice ventured to remonstrate with her.

"There's no use, Ellen," he said, "of ruining your health, by this close confinement. The boy is doing well enough; and would do better, I believe, if he was less petted: a little rough and tumble, the doctors say, does children good. Besides, Mary is a good nurse, capable and faithful. If I was too poor to have help for you it would be different. But——"

Here his wife interposed. "You don't love the little dear one bit," she cried, "or you wouldn't talk so. None of the men do love their children. If it wasn't for us, their injured mothers, they'd die."

"Ellen!"

"Yes! And when we lose our good looks, because we have to be such drudges, then you find fault with us and say we're slovens." And she burst into pettish tears.

Mr. Maurice rose and left the room. He did not wish to quarrel outright with his wife, and he knew he would have to do it, if he remained. But he mentally thought, that, unless affairs

mended, he would accept the next invitation to go a gunning, which he might receive from Sandford, or any other bachelor acquaintance.

Some weeks after, he made a second attempt to reason with his wife. But she could see the subject in only the one light. "He did not love their child, or he wouldn't speak so," was her stereotyped reply.

"But I do love him, and dearly," answered the husband. "I love you, however, as well: and I can't help seeing you are injuring your health; that you are no longer a companion to me; that you neglect all your old intimates. Surely, your duty as a mother need not override your duty as a wife, a sister, or a friend."

"You don't love baby, or you wouldn't say so. To accuse me, too, of not being a good wife—it's cruel, so it is," and she burst into tears.

Mrs. Maurice, as her husband foresaw, *has* degenerated into a sloven. Her beauty is all gone. At thirty, she looks broken down. Careworn in face, irritable in temper, and with a family of children she cannot control, nobody would recognize her as the once pretty Ellen Mortimer.

"The children," she tells every one, "worry the life out of me. Mr. Maurice I never see except at breakfast. I declare I have lost all influence over him. Why will young girls be so foolish as to marry?"

Nor *does* she see anything of Mr. Maurice, except at breakfast. Finding there was no companionship for him at home any longer, he gradually fell back, as his only resource, on his bachelor acquaintance. His leisure time is spent in the billiard saloon, at the theatre, or in the club.

Neither sees their own wrong, Mrs. Maurice least of all. Their alienation, meantime, is complete. Two persons, who might have been happy, and made their children good and happy, threaten to shipwreck both.

Where will it all end? We tremble to think. Yet such is often the explanation why a wife has no influence.

"THEY TALK ABOUT HER."

BY HETTY HOLYOKE.

"SOUL of Beatrice Cenci—what a face! Who is she?" exclaimed the young artist, Haviland, as we stood a few days ago at my parlor window, watching the passers by.

A pair of blue eyes, full of spirit and tenderness, had been lifted timidly, caught mine, and the bow we exchanged brought a smile to the delicate, sad face.

She was like the pictures of Beatrice—I had not noticed it before; like in her features, in her glowing, waving hair, in the expression of those timid eyes, in her whole manner, which, though shrinking, was calm and dignified; the very floating mantle which enveloped her added to the resemblance.

"Who is she? How soon can you contrive a meeting for me? Married—I guess it by those eyes—for money, perhaps? Do you suppose she could be induced to sit?" and the artist paused, out of breath.

"Who? Have you not heard of Ellen Lowe? She would not sit, is not married, and I cannot contrive a meeting—she left society long ago," I answered.

"With that angelic beauty—why? She's not going to join the Sisters of Charity? Oh, I *must* see her again! Proud as a queen, and tender as the Madonna! She is not fit for fashionable life, but how came she to find out the truth, so young?"

"She left, that society might not thrust her forth; her name is blighted."

"And you believe in the lie? I'd trust that face, let men say what they will. If the purity and self-respect which breathe from it be not real, then I may break my palette, for art is all foolishness."

"No, I do not believe, and she knows it; but people have talked about her, each one adding to the other's story, till her name has become a by-word among men."

"And why? How her face haunts me!"

"The dignity and self-respect you observed, have been her ruin; she trusted too much in her own innocence—took no precaution against slander, disregarded it in the beginning, and now it has grown, and grown, and is crushing her into the grave."

"But her story?"

"Her social position is unfortunate; talented as she is lovely, she has been noticed and petted by those far above her earlier friends. She is very musical, and has a magical voice—would it might charm her slanderers for once! Such triumph and pride—such full, rich joy—such tenderness and tears, as pour forth through its tones, I have heard from no other single voice on earth.

"You know George Davis, who married just after you went abroad? He and his wife soon grew tired of each other; she cares for dress and society, he for music alone. He met Ellen at my house; they sympathized in many things, music most of all. He gave up party-going, and evening after evening found him by Nelly's piano. The wife grew jealous; slanders were rife; separation ensued. Mrs. Davis was pitied, her husband maligned, and Nelly's friends and flatterers melted away like snow. Old friends exult in jealous spite, new friends pass by in silent scorn; and my house is the only one in which she meets a cordial welcome."

"There it is! A woman must be a prude, or she is not allowed to be a woman—no such thing left as the simplicity of innocence! and if you charm at all, it is only because you have become *unsophisticatedly sophisticated*. Can no woman invent a remedy?"

"One woman's hand against the tide of wrong! What can we do? We need the help of man."

"Tell me how, and God knows I will give it."

"Well, suppose you had heard this story at your eating-house, you would have believed Ellen guilty at once."

"So I should, I confess it."

"Then why not persuade *one* to have more faith in woman—nay, in humanity! You wouldn't believe any wrong of your sisters—your mother?"

"Not for a moment."

"And yet when other women are discussed, you fall into the general habit, and add sneer to sneer. We are all made of the self-same clay, and to abuse one throws disrespect upon the rest: and we, growing up in the knowledge that we are not trusted for a moment out of sight, are expected to behave with freedom and simplicity—about as easy as it would be for a bird, hopping from perch to perch of her cage, to show

glance she once could flutter away with her sledge-gings, and wheel, while they watched her, against the glowing sunset sky!"

The next afternoon, meeting Ellen Lowe, on my way to a rehearsal, we went to the music hall together; and I was not surprised when my artist joined us, nor sorry to watch his stolen glances at my companion's worn but lovely face. How the music seemed to lift up her stricken spirit as with wings! How the faint flush came and went in her cheek, and the sad heart seemed to have ceased its fluttering, and then, how with a sigh, she awoke to reality once more!

"You were 'not at home,' yesterday," said Mr. Haviland, as we stood by my parlor window again, not a week from the day he had first seen Ellen Lowe; "you were *not* at home?"

"I had gone to visit my friend, Miss Lowe."

"Ah! and I'm wild to hear about Miss Lowe, for she is good as an angel, and what's more, I will prove my belief by making her Mrs. Haviland, if she says 'yes.' When can I meet her?"

"Never, except 'behind the veil,' I fear. The poor girl is dying a maniac. That music moved her too deeply the other day—she went home raving, was taken to the hospital, and—I saw your Beatrice in the hands of her keepers—mad!"

"What comedies and tragedies these street-pictures all belong to, and must illustrate, if we could gain the thread," said Mr. Haviland, turning to the window once more to conceal a tear. "See that old man, now, riding home in his wagon, with a coffin hidden under the bit of

carpet—how desolate he looks, among all those busy, indifferent people!—it must be for his wife. Why, he is stopping here!"

My heart sank, it was Ellen's father; he left a note, and looking desolate as ever drove away.

She had died that morning.

And she lies in her grave-clothes, now, dear reader. Christ forgive those who "cast the first stone" at her! and teach us to love each other more as he loved us; give us faith enough in our own virtue to make the belief in that of others no impossibility!

I remember the close of an eloquent investive which Father Taylor once thundered forth against superstition.

"Would I could dig the grave of this vice, I would dig it deep as the abyss; I would roll a stone against it large as creation—I would sound its requiem with the trump of the archangel Gabriel!"

Would I could dig the grave of slander!—dig it deep as the woe it has caused—let the stone which sealed it be large as the mischief it has done; and for requiem make felt the silence which has taken place of song in the deserted home of one whose voice, for aught we know, may be

"Still grieving to the young-ey'd cherubims."

For of the harmony which dwelt in the soul of Ellen Lowe, we are only sure that no longer

"This muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in."

THE HOUSE BY THE SEA-SHORE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was an old, two-story red house, and there was nothing pretty or poetical, or even *pleasant* about it.

There it stood, all alone, that glorious June day, on the green point of land which pushed down abruptly into the blue waves of Long Island Sound. On the right was the village, with its clusters of white houses and its especial pride, the new and spacious hotel, with the green trees in front, and the broad colonnades running all around it.

The windows on the right side of the hotel overlooked the red house by the shore, (I want you to remember this) and in the summer time, when the bright faces of the city maidens beamed out of the tall windows and among the white pillars, they would ask sometimes, "Who *could* live in that gloomy-looking old red house down by the sea-shore?"

And the domestics answered that "it was old uncle Hiah Platt, with his wife and grandchild, who lived there—that they were poor people, but that the old man went a fishing in the summer, and his wife took in washing from the hotel, so they managed to get a decent livelihood."

And this abridgment of the Platts' individual and collective history was usually accompanied with a shuddering, "Mercy! what a dreary place to live in winter!"

It must have been, too, for even the sunshine that lay warm and golden about the house, that afternoon, could not brighten up its bare, gloomy, barren physiognomy any more than a smile could the face of a miser.

It was very warm, and very still. The sound of the waters as they rolled up languidly to the beach, made one think of nothing but a love ballad chanted far off, whether by mortals or angels you couldn't tell. But suddenly the back door of the red house was opened, and a little girl came out on the wooden step and stood there listening. Do you see her, in her calico dress and gingham apron, with her head half drooped forward, and her thin, brown hands folded together.

Her life cannot have run up to more than ten years, and the little, sun-burnt profile turned toward you is certainly not a pretty one. It is

too dark and thin and angular for *that*. And yet you would not have turned away from it with a single glance, for this was one of "the faces that have a story to tell." I do not know whether you would have read it, but it was written there, in the casting of the rather large but beautiful mobile mouth, in the dreamy, smouldering light that lay far down in those large, mellow, brown eyes.

Maggie Platt was, as I said, not pretty, but there were times when her face revealed a wild, wondrous beauty, the beauty of *genius*! You would have pitied the little girl, living there all alone with her old grandparents, but Maggie had companions they little recked of.

She was a quiet, bashful child, and it mattered very little to her if her home was a bleak, dreary place, for she had a beautiful *spirit country* of her own into which she could wander at will. Then close by was the ocean, that mighty instrument on which the winds played their everlasting tunes for the soul of Maggie Platt. She knew and loved them all, from the hoarse doxologies of winter to the soft jubilees of summer, and so the ocean was the great solemn teacher of the little girl's life!

"Maggie, don't stand there dreaming, child," and Mrs. Platt put her head out of the kitchen window. "Didn't I tell you to *hiss* up the line with the poles? Them clothes won't dry without they get all the wind."

The little girl started suddenly, and took the long pole that stood against the shed, and hurried down to the line of clothes stretched across the yard.

She had just succeeded in propping this, when a low, smothered cry attracted her attention, and turning suddenly round, she saw a boy not more than two years older than herself, gazing wildly at her. It was a pitiful sight; he seemed struck dumb with terror of some kind, for his face was white as a corpse, his limbs shook, his lips quivered, and his wild eyes were fastened fearfully upon the girl.

Maggie knew him at once; he was errand-boy at the hotel. He had frequently brought the clothes of the visitors up there to her grandmother.

"Mark! Mark! what ails you? What *has*

happened?" said the girl, rushing eagerly toward him.

"Don't, don't speak so loud. They're after me," and he stared anxiously around him. "Oh, Maggie, can't you hide me somewhere?"

"Hide you! why, what will hurt you? What have you done, Mark?" and the girl's lips reflected the paleness of his.

"Nothing! Oh, Maggie don't ask me, I can't tell, but they're going to take me to jail."

And now there rolled over the boy's face a burning cloud of shame as he buried it in his hands.

The little girl gasped and drew back at that word. It was but for a moment. She looked on the bowed, cowering figure before her, and her heart ached with pity.

"Mark!" she whispered, placing her hand on his arm, "I am very sorry for you."

There was more in the voice than the words. The boy looked up again, and searched the pale, little face with his eager eyes. It was very full of sympathy for him.

"Maggie! if I tell you, won't you hate me—no matter how bad it is?"

"No, *solemnly*, I won't, Mark."

"Well, then, I must be quick, for I want you to hide me till one of the fishing smacks comes along to-night, and I can go off. You see, I borrowed five dollars of Jack Fowler, for my new suit of clothes, and promised to pay him when I got my wages. They were due to-morrow. But Jack wanted the money, and didn't give me any peace, until at last he swore a terrible oath he'd have the clothes and pawn 'em if I didn't pay him.

"I didn't mean to steal, Maggie," here the boy lowered his voice, "but—but the drawer was open this morning, and there lay the five dollar gold piece. I thought they wouldn't miss it, and as soon as I got my wages I'd put it back. Then, I wanted to keep the clothes so much. But there was somebody looking through the key-hole, and saw me.

"They locked me up in one of the rooms, but I jumped out the window, and slid down the pillars, and when I got to the ground, I thought of you, and the flowers you gave me the other day. Oh, Maggie! I haven't a friend in all the world but you. Won't you help me?"

A harder heart than little Maggie Platt's could not have resisted that appeal, spoken not only by the boy's lips, but by his large, wild, bright eyes.

"Ye-es. I'll try, Mark. Let's see—you can go around the front side of the house, and creep softly into the garret, and I'll watch for the boat

and let you know when it comes along. I don't know what grandma would do, but I won't tell her till you're gone, and so if anybody comes around to ask for you, she'll just say you ain't anywhere's about here."

"Yes," and the wild fright went out of the boy's eyes, "that'll be just the thing, Maggie. I'll never forget it of you. But make haste."

Oh! Mark's face did not seem like a criminal's now, with that grateful light breaking up into it, as he looked on the girl.

"But first I want you to promise me solemnly, Mark, that you'll never take anything that isn't yours again. It's very wicked, you know, and God, and the good angels will go away from you," and the girl's eyes moistened with tears, till they seemed like brown berries damp with autumn dews.

"Yes, I promise. But hark! isn't somebody coming?" and trembling like a startled fawn, he shrank closer to her side.

"Oh! my young jail-bird, I've caught you at last!" cried the foremost of two coarse-looking men, as they came around the corner of the house. "You forgot, didn't you, there were windows on the right side of the hotel? Come along!" and he seized the boy's shoulder roughly, while his companion caught hold of the other. "We'll give you tighter lodgings this time, until the cars come along, and then you'll be handed over to the county jail for a two months service."

The boy did not speak. Despair and terror had paralyzed his faculties.

Maggie Platt was, as I said, a timid child, with that sensitive, shrinking temperament which is so frequently the accompaniment of genius. But now she sprang quickly before those fierce men, and confronted them with her pale, thin face and large eyes.

"Don't, please don't take away the boy," she said, "he is very sorry for what he has done. If you will let him go this time, he will never do wrong again."

That soft voice, the pleading, earnest face seemed to make some impression upon one of the men, and he glanced doubtfully from the girl's face to his prisoner. But the other answered quickly, "Come, come, get out of the way with your prating, child. The boy's stolen five dollars, and he must smart for it."

They hurried him off, and Maggie leaned against the corner of the house and watched them. She was not a demonstrative child. Her life was rather an inner than an outer one.

But now there was a fearful storm in the heart of Maggie Platt—a storm of grief and horror—and she looked on the distant hills, over which

the summer had written its green chronicles, and she heard the sweet ballad which the waves sang as they flashed up to the beach; but the bright hills were dark, and the ocean ballad was only a moan to her now.

But suddenly a look of resolution broke into the little, sharpened face, and the working features grew quiet again.

"It will be half-an-hour before the cars come, and I shall have time, if I hurry," answered the child, and she went into the house, and a few moments later, might have been seen hurrying over the long reach of stony road that led to the hotel.

"But it's only a few words I want to speak to him. It can't do any harm, you know, and he's going off so soon, too."

The proprietor of the hotel, from whom Mark Sandford had stolen the five dollars, was a short, thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with a gloomy, morose cast of countenance, and Maggie felt from the first, it would be of no use to plead Mark's case with him.

But he had no reason, aside from the indignant venom of his nature, for refusing the child's request. And it was more than likely the man who could remorselessly deliver over to the law a friendless orphan boy for so slight an offence, would not have granted Maggie's petition, but there were several lookers on, and so he answered with a bad grace, "He's in the room, yonder, hatchin' up some new mischief, I'll warrant."

"Mark! Mark!" and the white sun-bonnet put itself inside the door. And there Mark sat on a low stool, with his face in his hands, and a story of terrible despair in the drooping posture of his figure.

He looked up, and his eyes brightened a little. "Oh! Maggie, have you come to me now?"

"To be sure I have, Mark," and she sat down on the floor by his side, and they looked at each other a moment, she with sweet, sorrowful pity, and he in a kind of pale wonder and bewilderment.

"Don't look so, Mark. It frightens me to see you."

"But do you know, Maggie, they're going to take me to jail when the cars come!" He whispered the words with a shudder, glancing over his whole frame.

She bowed her head, and laid her hand on his. The touch of those warm, soft fingers went down to the boy's heart. A sob rocked him to and fro, for a moment, and then the great tears washed over his eyes.

"It will be so hard," he said, "to stay there

for two long months, shut out from the sunshine and the beautiful earth. How I shall long to go out in the green fields and hear the winds blow, and at night to look up at the stars, and think mamma is there, who died when I was a baby. And when I come out, they'll all point at me, and say I am Mark Sandford, the thief. And I shan't be able to look anybody in the face ever again. Oh, Maggie! I wish I'd thrown myself right into the sea, by your house, when I ran down there."

It was terrible, this wild, frantic grief, and yet it was better than the white, *still* despair of the moment before.

Maggie was crying, too; but she swallowed back her tears, like a true woman, and drawing close to the boy, said, "Don't give up so, Mark. It won't be so very, very long, after all, and I'll think of you every day, and pray for you every night. And when you get there, and the hours seem so long, and your heart feels so dark and *dead-like*, don't despair, Mark."

"God won't forget you, and he'll forgive that—you know what I mean, and he'll send his angels to comfort you, for no prison doors, or grated windows, or heavy bars can keep them out."

The girl's soul was in her face now. *This* was the revelation of Maggie Platt's beauty. It had come over it like sunrise while she was talking.

Mark looked at her, and forgot himself. "Maggie," he whispered, "I guess you're one of the angels, aren't you?"

"No," but I want to be some day, Mark. Now you won't forget what I've said? You won't get discouraged, and associate with wicked boys? Nobody'll know you've been to prison, when you come out. You can go off a great ways, where they'll never hear of you——"

At that moment the shrill, distant shriek of the car whistle came to their ears. Mark sprang as if an arrow had plunged into his heart, and Maggie rapidly continued, placing a small, blue box in his hand, "Grandma gave it to me, with the silver dollar inside, last New Year. It's for you, Mark. I don't want it."

"Come," said the man, who had captured Mark down by the shore, "time for you to be starting for your new home."

Mark rose up, pale and resolute.

"Good-bye, Maggie. I won't forget."

"Good-bye, Mark. Every night I shall pray first 'may God take care of you!'"

The waiter hurried him off. There was an officer waiting at the door. Maggie climbed into the deep embrasure of the window, and gazed out, as well as she could through her tears.

Once the boy looked back. He saw the child

face in the window, with the hair lying in bronze ripples about it, and he laid up the picture in his heart, and during the long, weary two months that followed, it was *the angel that kept him from despair!*

Fifteen years had passed. It was in the May-time, that beautiful proof-sheet of summer, and the soft, mellow moonlight lay all around the graceful suburbs of the metropolis. In one of the most quiet streets stood a small but asymmetrical grey-stone cottage, looking down on the world of spring blossoms below, heaps of crimson and gold, alternating with white, gathered at its feet.

It was late in the night, when the white curtains of the front chamber window were suddenly thrown aside, and a young lady looked out on the landscape.

There are some faces it is difficult to describe, this was one of them. The features, though not very regular, were clearly cut, the prevailing expression of the face in repose was a kind of *inquiring earnestness*. But it was thin and dark, and but for the eyes and lips might have been plain.

But these were an inspiration. The large, mellow, glorious eyes, in which lay the rising soul-light, the soft, mobile lips even in repose, tremulous with thought and feeling, would have magnetized your gaze.

The history of Maggie Platt is that of many another genius. Through many obstacles she had qualified herself to teach a district school. After this, her grandparents died. Then she left the old home by the sea-shore, and later, when the voice of her soul would be heard, she wrote. After a time, her articles received attention, and some remuneration. So she taught, and wrote, and studied for several years. But the young poetess's soul craved a more congenial mental atmosphere, and at last she came to the city, and through the influence of some generous publishers, her contributions obtained a higher reward.

For three months she had resided with the refined and agreeable family at the grey-stone cottage, in the suburbs.

Maggie Platt's face is disturbed to-night. She winds the curtain tassel nervously about her fingers, and *thinks* rather disconnectedly, though, for she had attended a lecture this evening, and her thoughts vibrate between it and more personal matters.

"To-morrow night, I promised him I would decide. Dear me! I wish I'd said 'yes' to-night, and then it would have been all over with, and

I should have felt *settled*; which, if it be not happiness, is the next door to it. What a good man he is, and then how he loves me! How noble he looks, too! What eyes that lecturer had, eyes the like of which I never saw; and then his face, it was not handsome, I 'spose, but the glory of his soul illuminated it. I wonder if he's married, and if his wife loves him as I could love such a man! Oh! it should not be a *hand* marriage alone, but a marriage of hearts, and minds, and intellects. But it's time I should be less romantic and more practical, for here I am twenty-five years old. Nobody'd believe it, though. I'm sure my heart can find *rest* in the love of Hubbard Ensign, and I know his watchful tenderness will surround my life with all that outward grace and beauty for which it has so long yearned. Maggie Platt, wife of the wealthy bank cashier. Ah, me! my grandmother little dreamed of this, when she sat knitting seine, in the old red house by the sea-shore. To-morrow, we are to take tea at Hubbard's sister's. I shall see Mr. Sandford, the lecturer, there. I wonder if I shall have a chance to speak to him. How I should like to thank him, for the *soul banquet* he made for me to-night. How he has enriched my memory with his great pearls of thought, strung on the golden thread of poesy. Why, there it goes—one o'clock, and my story must be finished to-morrow," and with one long, lingering gaze at the sweet, sad moonlight, she drew down the blinds.

Alas! poor Maggie! With all the mighty needs of her woman's nature, to be answered only with "an elegant home, and a strong heart to lean on."

The next day our heroine saw the lecturer of the previous evening, at the residence of Mr. Ensign's sister.

Nothing but a few atmospherical commentaries passed between them, for they were among a large company, and Mr. Sandford was the centre of attraction. The young man's brilliant talents had recently electrified the community, and Maggie soon discovered his conversational powers fully equalled his oratorical ones, so she was content to sit still and listen. At tea, however, the conversation turned into a different channel, and Mr. Sandford betrayed much interest in several local philanthropic movements, particularly in one which related to the physical and mental resuscitation of depraved children.

"Utopian idea!" grunted a corpulent old gentleman, who sat next to Maggie. "As the twig is bent so the tree's inclined. This taking boys out of prison, and putting them to school, is only turning criminals loose into our streets. What do you think of it, Miss Platt?"

Maggie's memory went back to a long-forgotten summer day on the sea-shore, as she said,

"I cannot agree with you, Mr. Adams. After all, there may be the elements of a holier, higher nature in the child's soul; and, oh, it would be worth a life-time to develop these, and bring back one spirit from sin and shame to the All-Father."

Her eyes lighted—her face kindled, and Mr. Sandford said, "You have given me a beautiful translation of my own thought, Miss Platt."

Maggie thought she had never seen anything like his smile.

After tea, the guests walked through the grounds, which were very extensive and tasteful. They had just descended from a slight eminence which commanded a view of the garden, when Maggie discovered she had left her handkerchief, and returned to seek it. Before she had gained the trees under which she expected to find it, she encountered Mr. Sandford, who restored the missing article.

"I found it up here," he said, "but I allowed you to turn back, for I wished, with your permission, to have a few moment's private conversation with you," and he gave the astonished girl his arm, and led her into one of the shadiest walks.

"I do not believe—nay, I cannot think it possible we ever met before," he said, "and yet your voice seems strangely familiar, and since your beautiful defence, this evening, of the out-cast little children, something has been urging me to speak to you. Will you forgive me, and permit me to ask you one question, about which I am very curious?"

"Certainly, Mr. Sandford."

"Did you ever live in A——, very near the sea-shore?"

"Yes, it is my native place." Maggie's eyes were full of surprise, but she dropped them before the dark, eager ones that now looked into her face.

"Is your name Maggie, and did your house stand all alone, a third of a mile from the hotel?"

"Yes."

Trembling fingers fastened over the little hand that lay on the gentleman's arm. "Do you remember a little boy whose name was Mark Sandford, and who came to you one afternoon, and prayed you to save him from prison?"

"Yes, yes," her face had grown very white, for a suspicion of the truth was breaking into her mind.

The gentleman took a small, blue card-paper box from his pocket. "Do you remember this, Maggie?" *I am Mark Sandford*, and all that I ever am, or shall be, *you have made me!*"

In her surprise and joy, she burst into tears, and he put his arms around her, and laid her head on his shoulder, and said,

"Maggie, my good angel, how have I prayed God for this hour!"

Then they heard voices calling, and she had only time to dry her tears, and he to say,

"To-morrow, Maggie, you may expect me."

And when, on her return home, Mr. Ensign would have pressed his suit, the lady answered,

"Not to-night, please, Mr. Ensign. I am excited now, and cannot think or speak calmly," and the practical gentleman solaced himself with thinking, "Poetesses always would have their moods."

Mr. Sanford called at the grey-stone cottage the next day, and the next, and the next. And Maggie learned, with many smiles and tears, of those long, dreary months in prison, lightened solely by thoughts of her and of the great after-struggles with adversity, of his final success, and of the one memory that, through all these years had remained holy in his heart.

He had visited her old home in A——, but the "*house by the sea-shore*" had disappeared, and she was gone—no one could tell him whither.

Well, you must have guessed the rest, reader, that before Mark Sanford left the city, he had crowned his life with the love of his child-angel, greatly to the bank-cashier's chagrin.

And when September laid her crimson post-script on the green page of summer, they were married, as it can be recorded of not every husband or wife, *in heart, in soul, and in mind they were married.*

CONFIDENCES AND CONFESSIONS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

THE clear, cheerful fire glowed warmer and brighter, as the darkness of the winter evening gathered without.

Cousin Harry and I sat cosily beside it, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and giving full rein to our wandering fancies.

He was leaning back dreamily in his easy-chair—I, silently musing opposite him, with my feet (they were not large ones, reader) resting on the low fender. My eyes were fixed on the glowing coals; but now and then I could not help stealing a glance at cousin Harry's face, in order to conjecture the subject of his long reverie.

He was in a right dreamy mood, and his dreams were evidently pleasant ones on the whole, though many varying emotions swept across his manly features.

I too, as I sat there looking demurely into the fire, had certain little dreams of my own. Did I mention that cousin Harry was *not* my cousin—only a ward of my father's, brought up in our family, to whom that title was given by courtesy? But that, of course, had nothing to do with my dreaming, or not dreaming.

Harry broke the long silence at last, by saying,

"Come and set here by me, cousin Olive, I want to tell you something."

I went and took a low seat at his feet, and leaned my head against his knees, as I had done from childhood. Dear cousin Harry, how I loved him!

He passed his hand caressingly over my curls and said,

"Olive, did I ever speak to you about Miss Ruthersford—Miss Mary Ruthersford?"

"No, cousin."

"And yet I have never had, and do not wish to have, any secrets from my little cousin. But this is proof," he added, laughing, "that the old line which says, 'The heart feels most when the lips speak not,' is true. If I have not spoken to you of Miss Ruthersford, it must have been because I have felt too much to give easy utterance to my thoughts. Olive, she is the loveliest creature I ever looked upon. I met her last summer, when I was travelling in Europe. We travelled through Italy together, and each day

that I spent in her society I admired her more. In short, Olive, I fell in love with her."

"Yes," said I. I was glad to be able to utter even that one word, and so glad that my face happened to be turned so that Harry could not see it.

"She has just returned to this country," continued he, "and this very night decides my fate. I sent a note to her this morning requesting an interview. An hour from this time sees me the happiest man in America, or the most miserable."

I clasped my arms tightly round Harry's knees, and I am sure, even in that bitter moment, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, come how it might.

My tears could no longer be quite restrained, but Harry naturally misunderstood their cause. He patted my head with playful tenderness, and rising himself, he raised me too, and kissing my cheek, said,

"Thank you, dear Olive, for your sympathy. I am going now—give me your good wishes."

"Farewell, Harry," I whispered, and he was gone. How much there was to me in the one word I had spoken—farewell!

I did not sit up to wait for Harry's return as I at first intended to do.

By the time I began to expect him, my head ached so, and my eyes were so swollen with crying, that I knew it would not do for him to see me. So I went to bed, and laid awake the whole night through, and thought of cousin Harry, and how kind he had always been to me, till my heart ached.

The next morning I was really quite ill and feverish, and I kept my room all day. But the suspense was intolerable to me—I longed to hear Harry's voice again, even though his words struck to my heart like daggers—therefore when the darkness of twilight came I thought I might venture; so I slipped on a wrapper, and stole down stairs to the little sitting-room where I knew he would be sitting by the fireside.

Yes, he was there, and sitting very quiet and still. I could not tell anything by his face as I entered—but perhaps that was because I had not courage to half look.

I slipped in very softly behind him, and before

could see me, was nestled on the sofa by his side, with my face screened behind his shoulder.

I thought he would be surprised, or pleased to see me—or at least I expected him to speak to me; but he never said a word—he sat still, looking into the fire.

Then I knew how it was—he had received a bitter—a terrible disappointment. My heart smote me—what were my girlish griefs compared with the deep, manly sorrow which shadowed that dear, beloved face? I realized that to see Harry unhappy was to me the cruellest of sorrows—I put my two arms around his neck and wept bitterly.

Harry turned then with such a kind, gentle smile, and merely said, as he drew me to him,

“Do not cry, my poor little Olive, do not cry.” He soothed me and caressed me as if I had been a child. Afterward he added, in a sterner voice,

“Yes, it is all over now, and I must bear my disappointment like a man.”

He *did* bear it like a man. I saw and understood all his struggles—his stern endurance of his sorrow. I saw how keenly he suffered, and yet how bravely and cheerfully he bore himself; I loved him more and more; and yet I was so sorry for him, that if I had thought it would have been of any use, I would have gone myself to the lady whom he blessed with his love, and pleaded with her for him. But for this it was quite too late. Miss Ruthersford was already engaged to another when she returned home.

But much as I suffered in seeing Harry suffer, I had one consolation. He did not brood in moody silence over his disappointment; he loved to talk with me on the theme nearest his heart. He liked to tell me again and again, all the particulars of his acquaintance with Miss Ruthersford. Of the pleasant days when they travelled together—of her exceedingly loveliness, and of the many little incidents on which he founded his hopes, his almost certainty of her preference, and of his utter inability to account for the fickleness which had prompted her to unite herself to another.

I did not suggest that the superior fortune of the new lover might be his attraction, for fear of paining Harry; but apart from all feminine jealousy that is *my* view of the case, from which nothing can ever change me.

Be that as it may, Harry thought her perfection; he sorrowed and grieved for her; and I had enough to do to console him. Oh, how thankful I felt to know that I had the power to do so. And when I had succeeded in chasing the gloom clouds from his brow, and I saw him smiling and cheerful, I felt as happy as a queen.

One day he said to me,

“My dear, kind Olive, how well you know how to comfort me. How should you understand so well what I feel and need—how have you learned?”

“I have had a similar sorrow myself,” I replied, with a trembling voice.

Harry looked at me tenderly, and drew me to him—“My poor, little Olive!”

I broke from him with bursting tears, exclaiming, “Don’t pity me, don’t—I can’t bear it!”

From this time I often noticed Harry’s eyes gazing on me with tender, pitying interest. I knew what he was thinking of, and a blush never failed to rise to my cheek, for I trembled for my secret, which was, however, never more secure.

Harry’s mind gradually regained a more buoyant tone. His thoughts were no longer confined to a single painful topic, and he began once more to take an interest in what was passing around him. He became more like his former self.

We were very much together; the sorrow we had shared together had made us very near and dear to each other, and—I am afraid I was a very conscious maiden, but I began to fancy that the interest Harry took in me was deepening. I could not mistake the glance with which his eyes rested upon me—the bright smile which welcomed my approval—the delight he took in everything I did or said.

My old day-dreams and fireside dreams came back to me, sweeter than ever.

We both of us retained our old habit of musing by the twilight fire. It was at that time and place that most of Harry’s confidences had been made, but it had now been long since he had alluded to the past.

The long winter had merged into a late, cold spring, and the cheering blaze was still agreeable as we sat one evening in our usual places.

After a long silence I chanced to look up to find Harry’s eyes earnestly regarding me.

“Olive,” he said, abruptly, “do you believe in second love?”

“Sometimes, in a man,” I replied, carelessly; “in a woman, never.”

Harry was silent for a few moments; he then said,

“Your first position is true, Olive. I know it and feel it. But your second is flagrantly false, or if not,” he added, vehemently, “I swear I’ll make it so. Olive, you must and shall love me!”

“Do not swear, Harry,” said I; “it’s wicked, and besides, I greatly mistake if you do not soon wish that vow unregistered.”

He did not heed the light tone of my reply, but continued earnestly,

"Olive, the past has become to me as a dream of something unreal and transitory. The love which has grown in my heart for you is founded on surer foundations. It is entwined with every fibre of my being. Olive, I could no more give you up than I could part with life itself. Dearest, let the past be the past, I beseech you, for us both. Consent to be mine now, and forever."

"I can consent to a great deal, Harry," said I, giving him my hand, "but I can never consent to give up my past—my dear, beautiful past—and never, never can I give up my first love."

Harry looked deeply pained and grieved. I saw that I was torturing that noble heart which had lately suffered so much. I had not the cruelty even by a moment's further trifling to delay its approaching happiness. I therefore added softly,

"How if I admit, Harry, that *you* were my

first love? Would you then insist upon my choosing a second?"

Harry looked at me in astonishment.

"But you told me——" he began.

"Well, what if I did?" I interrupted, a little snappishly, "it was all true enough—but why must I be put to the blush, by being made to confess how long I thought of you before you even cast a glance on me?"

Harry gazed at me with beaming eyes, while his mind evidently ran over the past.

"My poor Olive," he said, at last, while tears actually stood in his eyes, "and have you indeed suffered for my sake? Was it *thus* you learned so well how to comfort me—selfish, ungenerous creature that I was? But that is past now," he continued, as he folded me in his arms, "henceforth it shall be for me to play the part of comforter, and I will see if I cannot make a lifetime's devotion atone for anything you may have suffered in the past."

THE BROTHERS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 304.

CHAPTER III.

"I do wish you would go for the doctor, William. I do not like this stupor—really, I think the child is very ill. It is strange that he should not have been near us all day," said Mrs. Ashley, bending over the cradle, and taking her baby's little hot hand in her own.

Just then Annabel came in from school.

"Mamma, Emma Lincoln is very ill with the typhus fever, and Annette Wells had to go home from school this afternoon. Miss Allan says she is afraid that she is going to have it too. That makes six of our scholars that are away from school sick. Isn't it dreadful?"

"This accounts for Dr. Lincoln's seeming neglect," said Mr. Ashley. "I will go and see him at once. He is in great trouble if his daughter is dangerously ill, for she is the apple of his eye."

Annabel brought her chair to the cradle, and insisted upon her mother's trying to get some rest. Mrs. Ashley could not lie down, but she leaned her head back against her cushioned chair, and closed her eyes, to satisfy Annabel with the semblance of sleep.

Upon opening them a few minutes afterward, she saw Annabel in tears, and with difficulty repressing the sobs with which she was struggling.

"My dear child, do you still grieve so bitterly?"

"Oh, no, mamma, not for myself. I was thinking of dear little baby here, and how near I came to bringing you more trouble even than you already have; and of poor Lawrence, who they say is so much worse to-day. Prayers were offered up for him at close of school this afternoon, and Mr. Allan spoke very solemnly to us. Indeed, mamma, *I do not think* I love Lawrence any more, I only want him to live, because it is so dreadful for him to die without repenting of his sins."

Dr. Lincoln and Mr. Ashley came in. The doctor looking pale and haggard; he had met Mr. Ashley on his way, he said. Mrs. Ashley lifted the baby in her arms. The little creature opened her eyes, but took no notice of any one. Her vacant, staring look was even more painful

to the mother than the preceding stupor had been. Dr. Lincoln said that the babe evidently had less fever, and after writing his prescription, took his departure.

In the middle of the night Annabel was called up. She found her mother in great distress, for the baby was in convulsions. Her father had gone again for the doctor. Throughout the remainder of the night the usual remedies were tried, but all in vain. The convulsions, although not violent, recurred at short intervals.

Dr. Lincoln did not leave them long at a time. He exerted all his skill, but it was evident that each hour the little sufferer's strength grew less. Mrs. Ashley prayed for calmness to bear the blow that she knew was impending; yet when the moment came, she was powerless as a child to meet it. The baby breathed its last in her arms, and in an agony of grief she held its lifeless little form to her bosom, weeping such tears as a mother bereft of her nursing babe alone can weep. In vain her husband attempted to take it from her, she would not give it up.

Dr. Lincoln, in a voice husky with emotion, said, "Think of the sorrow that is threatening me, Mrs. Ashley. If God takes my child from me, he takes my all; yet I have faith in Him that He doeth all things right. Better, the memory of the innocent dead, than the presence of a living grief; and none of us know the trouble our children may live to bring us to."

Even faithful Judy proffered her consolation.

"Ah, Missus! God has giv you such beautiful jewels. Couldn't you spare *jus one little one* for *His crown*?"

Nothing availed, until she felt the presence of Nannie's wet cheeks against her own, and heard Nannie's voice imploring her to be calm. Then she yielded up her dead baby, and going alone to her chamber, wrestled with her heart until it submitted to Him who "doth not willingly afflict the sons of men."

Thereafter she went calmly on with her usual avocations, the mother and daughter affording mutual support by their example; each feeling and sympathizing with the peculiar trials of the other.

But not even the solemn awe which Death

spread through the household could keep Annabel from thinking of Lawrence. In the silent watches of the night, she prayed earnestly for his and for Emma's recovery: and when she found herself recalling any tender memories of the past connected with him, she prayed for strength to root out those memories, and she did not pray in vain.

At length came the day of the funeral. Mr. Allan, their old pastor, being out of the village, Arthur Gray officiated in his place. His words were few, but they fell like balm upon the hearts of the mourners; and when he finished, the mother in her heart repeated after him his last words, "*It is well with the child.*"

Arthur Gray stood beside the little coffin, and as he looked upon the cherub face, he did not wonder at the fond mother's agony, as she hung over it for her last parting look: for never, even in lands beyond the seas, whither he had wandered, had he seen statuary that could match the beauty of that faultless head. The soft rings of golden hair shadowed a forehead more exquisitely beautiful than ever marble could be, and the long, silken lashes of the closed eyes rested on cheeks that in that brief sickness had lost none of the roundness of health. The tiny, chiseled mouth—the plump and dimpled hands—oh, there was too much of beauty there to hide within the dreary grave!

The mother turned aside—her aching heart, refusing to resign itself in that bitter hour of parting. Next, Mr. Ashley bent over the coffin, and as he left his last kiss upon the forehead of the babe, a sob escaped his heaving chest; and now Annabel approached, tears trembling in her serene eyes, and her fine lips quivering with the emotion she strove to repress. To Arthur it was the face of an angel.

The remaining events of that occasion he scarcely noted; as one who looked on in a vision, he saw the younger children led up with tearful, wondering gaze, and then glide back into their places.

When, beside his brother's bed, he resumed his post of watching; he recalled that lovely face, destined for many times thereafter to haunt him with its dreamy beauty. Yes, many a time when he closed his eyes to pray, it came between him and his God, until he feared to think with how strong a hold it had fastened upon his affections.

At the close of the week he was obliged to return to his parish, leaving Lawrence still unconscious that it was his brother's hand who had so tenderly smoothed his pillow, who had so watchfully guarded him against annoyance,

and so faithfully administered the medicines that alleviated his suffering.

Dr. Lincoln bestowed increased care and attention upon his patient, during the absence of the brother, notwithstanding Emma's dangerous state—her case having proved the most malignant that had as yet occurred in the epidemic. Accompanied as it was by cerebral congestion, he could not but feel the greatest anxiety as to its termination.

The commencement of the week Arthur Gray went back to his charge, and before the close of it he had the satisfaction of seeing symptoms of returning consciousness. On Saturday morning, as he was preparing to again take his departure, Lawrence grew restless, and finally said, in a voice weakened by suffering, "Don't leave me, Arthur, I shall surely die if you do."

Thus appealed to he could not refuse; and rejoiced to find that his brother knew him, he promised to remain. He despatched a note informing Mr. Allan of the favorable change in Lawrence, and of his request; and proposed an exchange for the Sabbath. Mr. Allan at once returned answer that he would see after his congregation, so long as his presence was necessary to his brother.

Arthur, wearied by his anxious days and watchful nights, looked worn and languid, as he arose in the pulpit, where but two Sabbaths before he had stood in the full flush of vigorous health. But more than ever did he enchain Annabel's attention, as he warmed into life and energy while dwelling on this beautiful passage of Scripture, "God stayeth his rough wind in the day of his east wind."

In the afternoon, one of the elders of the church addressed the congregation in Arthur's stead; and Annabel's conscience reproached her for her listlessness and want of interest. But those drawling, nasal tones, and those trite remarks afforded a strong contrast to the deep, thrilling voice, and the eloquent sentiments that flowed in such a resistless tide from Arthur's lips. Annabel was not alone in marking the change. It was evident that good Elder Jones had neither the gift of speaking, nor the gift of prayer; but what was of more account in the sight of God, he had a heart overflowing with love to his fellow men. He had marked Arthur's unfitness for his duties, and waited after morning church to tell him that he would find a substitute for him in the afternoon; and Arthur gladly availed himself of the kind offer.

It had not been the first time that the deacon had so officiated, for of late years Mr. Allan's health had been failing, and all the other deacons

were bashful men, who felt it to be a cross to even bear a part in the usual weekly prayer-meeting; but it was the first time that the congregation rebelled at the infliction. At the ensuing monthly business meeting, which chanced to fall within the week, one of the most influential church members commented upon Mr. Allan's age, and the manifestly approaching necessity of assistance in his parochial duties. A motion was made and carried that a colleague should be provided, and after some whispering amidst the eldest of the trustees and the deacons, it was proposed that a committee should wait upon Mr. Gray and invite him to settle with them. There was no dissenting voice, and accordingly the invitation was given. Mr. Gray's answer was that he must first consult with his parishioners.

Meantime, Lawrence's progress toward convalescence had been slow. It was with difficulty that he sustained any conversation with his brother; and Arthur, who saw the excitement which talking occasioned, abstained from encouraging it. He told him, however, of his call soon after he received it.

"Shall you accept it?" said Lawrence, eagerly.

"I do not know. There are some reasons why I should like to do so. This is the most beautiful little valley that ever nestled a town on its bosom, and—and I think its inhabitants are exceedingly interesting—that is, they seem a religious people—very attentive in divine worship. However, that may be owing to the unusual degree of sickness prevailing—developed, I presume, by so wet an autumn following our hot summer."

"Then I have not been the only sufferer," said Lawrence, "do you know any of the names of the sick?" he added, hesitatingly.

"No, I do not remember any. Squire Ashley lost a child." Arthur did not notice the start which Lawrence gave; and continued, "but that was not the fever—rather a sudden death, I believe. Several of Mr. Allan's scholars are still dangerously sick—one of them, Dr. Lincoln's daughter, was dying this morning; they told me. He has not been here yesterday, nor to-day."

In confirmation of his words the bell commenced tolling. Arthur walked to the window and looked out. "What a solemn, impressive custom this is," he said, "announcing to the villagers the departure of a soul from their midst—admonishing all that death is near." He ceased speaking to count, for the bell was now rapidly tolling the age.

"Nineteen! it is she!" shrieked Lawrence, throwing his arms wildly up, "I tell you, brother, I will not live without her!"

Astounded at his brother's frantic cry, Arthur at once hastened to him, and endeavored to calm his excited state.

"Two!" screamed Lawrence, "two accusing angels gone up to God to bear witness against me. Oh, I deserve my fate. Poor little thing! She knew me for the butterfly I was, but Emma, as sure as there is a God in heaven, Arthur, I did love Emma. Let me go to her! let me go!" he said, struggling to disengage himself from Arthur's hold.

His cries brought some of the inmates of the house to his chamber, and one of them was immediately despatched for Dr. Lincoln.

Arthur reproached himself for having so imprudently spoken to him of his sick companions; but his calmness in asking after them entirely disarmed Arthur of any suspicions as to his fitness for hearing the truth.

Mr. Gray met Dr. Lincoln outside of the room, and told him the cause of the sudden and alarming change. The moment that they entered, Lawrence started up, calling out, "Don't come near me, doctor, for I killed her, I know I did! I am sure she got Annabel's letter—poor little Annabel—I did not care for her, but Emma, my Emma—my wife that was to be! Aye, God does not wait until after death to punish us for our sins!"

He fell back exhausted upon the pillow.

"He is out of his head—his mind wanders," whispered Arthur.

"It wanders the right way at last," muttered Dr. Lincoln. "I have some hope of him now."

These words were perfectly unintelligible to Arthur, and still more so was the conversation that followed.

Dr. Lincoln, standing by the bedside, took his patient's hand in his own.

"And so you thought Emma was dead. God has been more merciful to me. She has rallied from the stupor of this morning, but her life still hangs by a thread; and so does yours, Lawrence. A relapse now, and I fear all earthly means would be of no avail to save you. For this reason I insist upon you keeping yourself perfectly calm."

Lawrence pressed his thin hands over his eyes, and his lips moved as if murmuring some words of prayer. When he removed his hands, there was no longer the wild glare about his eyes that had so alarmed his brother, and the thick lashes were suffused with tears.

"Only tell me, doctor," he said, in his feeble, tremulous voice, "that I had no part in occasioning her sickness."

"We will not talk about that now," he

answered. "She was here to see you a day or two after you were taken down, but her own attack followed too rapidly to admit of the idea that it was produced by contagion."

"I do not mean that," he said, shaking his head. "And she loved me well enough to come to me! I do not deserve her love, no, I do not deserve the love of any one. If you knew all, doctor, you would not want me to live," and he turned restlessly upon the pillow as he spoke.

"You must not excite yourself with unpleasant memories. You must try to be calm," said Dr. Lincoln.

"I cannot," replied Arthur, "until I have told you how little I deserve your kindness and your sympathy."

"Not now—not now, Lawrence, I must forbid it. Besides, I think I know what you would tell me. Those letters that I found on your table—am I not right? Say no more about them now. When you get well you will have an opportunity of showing your repentance."

Lawrence closed his eyes, and Dr. Lincoln, satisfied that he was in a calmer state, left him. The easy slumber which he fell into lasted longer than any previous one; and when he awoke he looked refreshed, and seemed to Arthur more like himself. From this day his convalescence was gradual, but so slow and tedious, that before he was able to go about again, his brother had accepted the call, and was settled as a colleague of Mr. Allan's.

CHAPTER IV.

It was New Year's morning. The ground was covered with snow, crisp and glittering.

Emma was not yet able to leave her chamber, but she looked comfortable in her rich, warm double gown; and the dainty little cambric cap with its fall of lace was very becoming to her. Her face was pale and thin, and her eyes looked deep and spiritual.

Her chamber, with its thick, bright carpet, its warm-looking curtains, the round table loaded with her favorite books, the stand of green-house plants, and the glowing fire, was a cheerful-looking sick room. Her father was sitting with her, when the housekeeper came up to say that Mr. Gray and his brother were down stairs, both desirous of seeing Emma if she were able.

"Oh, no, papa, not up here—I would rather not," she said, a soft, warm blush mantling her cheeks, and adding new beauty to her expressive face.

"It will be a great disappointment," he said. "You know Lawrence goes home this week to

study law; and I think you will both be better satisfied to see each other first."

He kissed her very tenderly.

"I am afraid, papa, that it will be so hard to hide my feelings, now that I know of his repentance."

"I can trust you, my child. We all know that a sick bed repentance is not to be relied upon; but three years of absence will test him thoroughly. If at the end of that time he proves himself worthy of you, I will remove the bar that I have placed upon you now. You shall be free to tell him how well you love him then."

"Oh, three years is such a long, *long* time to look forward to. Please, papa, let me tell him all about it—how entirely I gave him up until you told me how much remorse he experienced, when he thought both Annabel and I were dead—and then how my heart softened to him; and yet how I struggled to subdue my own feelings and give him up to Annabel; as I believed it to be my duty to do until I found that Annabel had never loved him as I had done. And how it is your wish that we should not renew our engagement until you are satisfied that he is worthy of confidence. Oh, yes, papa, let me tell him all. I could never act a part with him. My eyes would be sure to betray me if my lips did not."

"Well, Emma, I leave it to you. It was only for your own good, my child, that I advised you. I thought it would spare you pain, in the end, if he should again prove unstable, or his vanity lead him astray."

"No, I should feel the pain all the same, papa. Thank you for yielding to me. I am quite ready to see them now, if you please."

Dr. Lincoln went down to his office and brought them up. Arthur was formally introduced, but the glance that Lawrence exchanged with Emma, as their hands met, was not the glance of strangers. The conversation was formal and embarrassed until Dr. Lincoln drew Arthur one side, for the ostensible purpose of looking at some engravings, but in reality to give them the opportunity which he knew both were impatient to have.

Lawrence leaned over the arm of her chair. "We have no time to lose," he whispered. "Before I leave you I must know how much, or how little, I have to live for. Look at me, Emma, that I may know if I am forgiven."

Emma's head was slightly turned from him, and her long eyelashes almost swept his cheeks. But at his appeal she lifted them, and Lawrence was satisfied with the look that so fully answered his own.

"I know how undeserving I am," he continued,

stealing her little hand within his as he spoke, "but, Emma, God willing, I will become worthy of you. Did your father tell you of the agony that I suffered when the bell tolled for Annette Wells, supposing it to be for you? I thought it would have killed me."

"And your letter to Annabel," answered Emma, in the same low tone, "came very near being the death of me. It was such a frightful thing to read such words of love from one whom I supposed as much mine in the sight of heaven, as if the marriage tie had united us. Lawrence, I cannot even now understand it—do explain it to me."

"Ah, Emma, I deserve the humiliation. It was vanity—my paltry vanity. When I spoke to her, her modest, blushing answers led me to imagine that she loved me; and partly to kill the time that hung heavy on my hands when away from you, and still more from sheer thoughtlessness as to the consequences, I commenced a correspondence—excusing myself for the injustice I was doing you and her, by imagining it to be a purely Platonic attachment. Emma, are you magnanimous enough to never refer to this unhappy affair again? You cannot dream of one half of the mortification it has already cost me. I have not seen Annabel, but I shall write to her, and——"

"Better not," interrupted Emma, who was in a teasing mood, "old habits you know—I am not quite willing to trust you yet."

"It has been too serious a matter to me to just about," said Lawrence. "I wonder if Annabel——"

Just then Dr. Lincoln and Arthur joined them, and Lawrence was interrupted, and Emma prevented from relieving his mind with regard to Annabel, as she fully intended doing. There were many other things which she had wished to say left unsaid, as no farther opportunity presented itself to renew their conversation.

They parted. Lawrence went on his way, his heart beating high with hope despite the memories that oppressed it, and expanding with the good resolutions he was making for the future. Emma left alone, sat tearful and dejected, for the child-like trust which had once dwelt in her bosom she felt could never be restored to her, and tremblingly she awaited the future, wherein lay concealed from present view the joys and the sorrows of her life.

That evening Lawrence spent with Arthur in his study. On the morrow he was to leave for home. He seemed absent and moody, and Arthur, who knew of his success in the morning, could not conjecture the cause. Several times he pushed

his chair up to the writing-table, and sitting down, dipped his quill in the ink; but no sooner did it touch the paper than starting up he threw it from him, and continued his former amusement of pacing the floor. His last unsuccessful attempt was followed by an energetic, "*I can't do it.*" Arthur, I am going to leave an unpleasant errand for you to execute. I am sure that you can do it better than I can."

"What is it?" said his brother.

"Well, I am ashamed to tell you, but I suppose you will find it out from others if you do not from me. The truth is, I am a blockhead—upon my word, Arthur, I can't tell you what a villain I feel that I have been. But I do assure you that I had no motive beyond the amusement of the hour, and I beg of you not to impute *worse* motives to me. I made love to that pretty Nannie Ashley that you were asking me about, and I want you to tell her—to explain—confound it, I don't know what you will say. Poor little thing! I could shoot myself when I think what a puppy I have been. What would you advise me to write? or will you undertake the disagreeable task for me?"

"Quite willingly, my dear brother," replied Arthur, a peculiar smile lighting up his features. "I think I can promise you certain success—that is, if you mean unconditional pardon; for Annabel and I are much better satisfied that you should have made love in jest, than that you should have been in earnest. You have told me no news, Lawrence, but in return for the confidence which you imagined you were placing in me, I will tell you a little secret of my own. Annabel and I are engaged."

Lawrence sprang toward him, and seized his hand.

"Good gracious, Arthur! how you surprise me! and delight me, too, beyond anything. Well, that's a good one! I remember that you thought the villagers were unusually interesting, which was more than I did, with the exception of some half-dozen. Ah, Arthur, you were smitten then—confess it."

"It is too true. I am afraid it was Annabel more than all the rest of the village put together that attracted me. But it is not the first time that a man has deceived himself as to his motives."

Lawrence felt as though he had taken a fresh lease of life. There were no gloomy or guilty thoughts to weigh him down now, and with a lighter heart than he had known for months, he returned to his room, and wrote a long, long letter to Emma, which, when she received it, went far to reassure her.

The winter months now glided rapidly away, and every week a letter from Lawrence encouraged Emma to hope for a happy termination.

And so gradually her cheeks regained their roundness and their color; and the warm, happy light of other days came back to her eyes; but with this difference, that the Undine had found a soul; or rather, her exuberant spirit had been tamed and chastened by the new discipline which life had brought her.

CHAPTER V.

Two years and more brought many changes to our little village. Some lovely young faces that Arthur had seen when first he preached in the village church, his tears had fallen upon as they lay shrouded for burial. Aged ones had fallen away from their places, their young minister's voice cheering them on their way to "the green pastures and the still waters" of the land of promise. Others had received from him the benediction which pronounced two lives thenceforth to be as one; and so, at burials, at weddings, and at christenings, he had shared his people's grief and joy, until he had become very dear to them all.

Mr. Allan had chosen to resign soon after Arthur had been installed; but he continued to take an active interest in his brother's academy, as well as in every other good work going on in the village.

Twice a year, Lawrence had paid visits—satisfactory ones both to Emma and her father; and now he came back for the third time this year to attend the wedding of Annabel and his brother.

The young minister had met with no opposition to his choice. Almost every one was satisfied, for Annabel Ashley was an universal favorite. Now and then some maiden "verging into years," suggested the impropriety of his taking so young a wife. Even Deacon Jones had once been heard to say that she was a *lezzie* too young, "but then," he eagerly added, "that is a fault that time will mend."

Judy could not have been happier had she been going to marry the minister herself. Such bustling preparations as went on in her department for weeks preceding the wedding. But the pickling and the preserving came to an end; the frosted loaves of cake stood in long, glittering rows on the buttery shelves, and Judy contemplated the products of her labor with satisfaction and delight; and waited for the auspicious day.

A little back from the road-side, upon ground adjoining Squire Ashley's, stood the new parsonage which he had been building for Arthur and Annabel. Its gabled roof peeped out from amidst the chesnut and elms that shrouded it—wild vines turning around their rough boles, from which hung bright bunches of scarlet berries, amidst mingled leaves of brown and gold, dark green and crimson. Within the dwelling everything was in readiness, prepared by a mother's watchful love and forethought.

The hills around the valley were gorgeous in their October beauty. Long, undulating reaches of crimson maples, golden beeches and sycamores marked the shallow, tinkling river's path over silver sands. Sloping banks of green belted in the crumbled furrows of brown earth, which the ploughman had prepared for the winter. None of the dreariness of autumn had yet come over the scene. The sky was deep and blue, and the clouds that floated over it were as white and fleecy as fresh snow-flakes. Clumps of trees throw swart shadows where the cattle grazed, and flocks of birds from out their branches filled the air with their twitterings.

Annabel thought the world had never seemed one half so beautiful as it did upon her bridal morn. Ah, Annabel, did you not know that "it is the heart which saddens or brightens all that it looks upon?" That lovely autumnal day with its cloudless sky of perfect blue, would have been to you darker and drearier than any day of wintry storm, had he who made earth an Eden for you not shared the joy you felt.

Mrs. Ashley, pale and quiet, made the few last preparations that would consign her daughter to another's care; and Mr. Ashley, proud and pleased, wondered how his wife could feel the approaching separation as she did, when scarce an acre of greensward would lie between the two houses.

How could he dream of the tender sympathy, and anxious fears a mother feels at such a time? There is no devotion that can equal a mother's! From the hour when first she hears the feeble wail "at the Gethsemane of her love," until the moment of time when the angel of death claims one or the other, she knoweth neither changeableness nor shadow of turning. And yet, how seldom is a mother's love appreciated? For often not until the coffin and the pall hide from our sight the form in which it was centered, do we find that earth holds no affection that can equal it. With vain yearnings do we look back upon the years of childhood, and memory reproaches us for the love we have squandered so recklessly away.

Annabel's sister Helena, a tall, graceful young girl of fifteen, (not unlike Annabel herself in her ways, at that age, but wanting her charming regularity of features) was to be the second bridesmaid, and Eugene Allan her attendant. Of course Emma Lincoln and Lawrence were the first.

Their old pastor, Mr. Allan, was perform the ceremony.

Twilight found the house which had been so quiet through the day, filled with bustle. The children, already dressed and delighted with the idea of a wedding, frolicked through the house until Judy declared that "they most pestered the life out of her, and that she should think they would be ashamed to have such carryings on when they were going to lose their sister—that she should."

This put Edgar to thinking, and he sat down by the fire-place in the parlor, and with a long, rueful countenance watched the sparkling wood fire and the smoke that went curling up the chimney. The wedding did not seem to him such a grand affair after all; and when a few moments after, Arthur came in and finding him alone, drew up a chair and tried to take him on his knee, Edgar struggled away from him, and stood moody and sullen in the corner.

"Why, what's this?" said Arthur. "What's the matter now, Edgar?"

Edgar turned his shoulder defiantly, but would not make any answer.

"I have not done anything to displease you, I hope," said Arthur.

"Yes, you have. You are a very wicked man, very."

Arthur laughed. It was the one drop too much for Edgar, and he burst into a fit of crying. Through his sobs, he said, "You hadn't any business to come and get my sister away. She isn't any relation to you, and you shan't have her. Judy may go and live in your new house with you, for she's cross; but Nannie shan't stir a single step, we want her here."

Arthur's heart, full of love as it was, sympathized with the little fellow in his sorrow. He spoke kind, soothing words to him, lifted him on his knee—opened his watch for him to look at, and gave him some shining, new quarter-dollars to play with.

At this last, Edgar was quite reconciled, particularly when he found that he was to keep the money. Seventy-five cents was an untold sum to him, and fully recompensed him for giving up his claim on his sister.

Nothing else occurred to mar the happiness of the evening. In due time, the guests assembled,

and the bridal party came down. The busy hum of voices which had before pervaded the apartments ceased, and every eye in the room rested upon the face or form of the lovely young bride. Her earnest responses contradicted the timidity of her downcast looks, showing that her heart was free from doubt or uncertainty. The glance of devotion which Arthur met, when he looked down in her eyes, and for the first time said, "my wife," thrilled him with a joy too deep for words.

He courteously answered the congratulations of his parishioners who flocked around him, but his mind was far away, thinking of the days of happiness in store for him, and grudging even the present hour of festivity, which robbed him of the charm of her sweet presence alone.

He reproached himself, at length, for his selfishness, and though the minutes "went on leaden wings," he endeavored to hide his impatience by seeking with his attentions to add to the enjoyment of the guests. But he could not prevent his eyes from following Annabel, who hovered near her mother, mindful of her tender sorrow; her gentle beauty still more enhanced by the misty bridal veil she wore, and looking, indeed, all too young and frail for the cares of wifehood.

Emma's face was also radiant with happiness. Her flashing, black eyes, her cheeks, with their soft, peach-like bloom, and the saucy smile of her red lips, Lawrence thought far more attractive than Annabel's ethereal graces.

Elder Jones, who was for making every one happy, and who shared the opinion of the villagers that Lawrence and Emma would sometime make a match, suggested to the doctor that night,

"What a very fine thing it would be if the minister's brother should take it into his head to study physic, and settle down with him, and relieve him of some of his 'onerous cases.'"

The doctor had never thought of it before, but the next day, he talked it over with Lawrence, and Lawrence acquiesced, although he did not like the looks of the still longer probation that it would necessarily give him. But he stipulated the privilege of more frequent interviews with Emma.

These dear meetings, together with their long semi-weekly letters, rendered the period of absence endurable. Indeed, in after years, Emma laughingly said that she wished she could have known, and appreciated at the time, her happiest days.

Truly speaking, she would not have acknowledged them the happiest; for although as a wife

and mother, life brought her cares and disquiet,
yet she also tasted of deeper joys than ever her
days of girlhood had known.

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"At her heart love sits and sings,  
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings  
Hath lifted life to higher things."

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## ROMANCE AND REALITY.

BY FRANCES E. HOLCOMB.

READER, did'st ever visit the village of G——? If you have, we are sure you will agree with us in saying that it is the loveliest in New England. Its romantic scenery, beautiful girls, and gallant beaux are unrivalled. It is bounded on the north by grand old mountains, on the south and east by the noble Connecticut, and on the west by green meadows and dark forests. Its scenery is so blended, the wild and majestic with the soft and beautiful, that it cannot fail to please.

The village consists of about one hundred neat white cottages, all exactly alike—and each one hidden in forests of flowers and shrubbery, so that the place seems like a little fairy bower, designed expressly for "Titania" herself, fastidious though she may be.

But the girls, the dear, sweet girls, so delicate and refined in their manners, and yet so full of mirth and joy, ever ready for fun, or other innocent sport! Ever surrounded by the most picturesque scenery, they had imbibed a deep love of romance, and it was no uncommon thing to find a young and delicate female seated upon some rugged cliff, overhanging a fearful precipice, gazing down into the dark chasm, unmindful of her great danger, or the threatening thunders, or the lurid lightnings which flashed along the blackening sky.

There was not a beau in the village but was a painter, or poet, or who doted on Byron, Burns and Shelly; nor a young lady but could scribble rhymes as fast as she could write. Yes! we forgot, there was one, and that one the daughter of honest, jovial, wealthy farmer Blake.

Nelly Blake was a gay, laughing, airy being, with eyes as black as midnight, that danced and sparkled with mirth. She was an ardent admirer of the truly beautiful, but scorned all mock sentimentality. She never exposed her precious self to the rain-drops, nor hung upon a narrow rock above a precipice. Frank Carl, the doctor's only son, would have proposed for Nelly, long before, if she had been less matter-of-fact. For Frank himself shared the common weakness and was terribly romantic. At the time our story commences he was a member of the graduating class in —— college, and in a fair way to win many laurels.

"Oh, dear," sighed Frank to his friend Hunter,

"if she only had soul I should worship her, but there's no driving an atom of romance into her head. She never even trembled, the other day, when I offered to cross that rickety dam; she didn't even turn pale, but said when I went to help her, 'Thank you, Mr. Carl, but I can cross better alone,' and before I could speak she was over, and I left alone on the bank, and to cap the whole, I dare not follow. I would have tumbled her in the brook if I could."

"Why don't you get a wild horse," said Hunter, "ask her to take a ride, and then throw her down a chasm, so as to sprain that snowy wrist, or delicate ankle of hers. Then rush down and rescue her. That would make her romantic, if anything would."

"A capital idea," cried Frank, deceived by his friend's gravity. "I'll do it at once." And, without another word, he rose and left the room.

Hunter laughed till the tears came. Then he said, "But it will never do to let Nelly go without warning. I'll write her a note, and let her accept, or refuse, as she pleases. My word for it, she'll prove a match for him somehow."

Nelly was sitting in the cool little parlor of her cottage home, busily engaged upon a piece of delicate embroidery, when her little brother came running in with Hunter's note. Scarcely had she perused it, when a splendid carriage, drawn by two magnificent horses, dashed up to the door, and in an instant Frank Carl sprang upon the ground. She settled upon her course of action in an instant, and when Frank invited her to ride, accepted, her laughing eyes dropped to the floor, and hidden by their jet black lashes.

Soon Nell was equipped. She looked so sweetly with her little, white nosegay of a bonnet, set so coquettishly on her dark curls, that Frank was delighted. In a moment, he had her by his side, and her tongue was rattling away about everything except poetry. Frank, all this time, was looking for a chasm on Nelly's side of the carriage, holding on his own side very tightly himself; but if he had looked, he would have found Nell was holding on as tightly as he was. Of course, he did not really mean to hurt Nell very much, he only desired to make her a little nervous, and at the same time eternally grateful to him for saving her life.

After a short drive, Frank began eulogizing the beauties of Nature. They entered a delightful grove. "What noble old oaks," said Frank, "how they wave their majestic heads——" He was interrupted by a smothered laugh from Nell, who was determined to cross him in every romantic idea. "Why, dear me, Mr. Carl," she said, "these are every one maples, and not over ten years old."

Frank bit his lip, and replied, "I meant those yonder," pointing to some short oaks; Nell muttered something about "worms falling on one's neck;" in short, she opposed his every remark: mossy banks had red ants in them, and moonlight evenings were dewy. If there was an eclipse, or a comet, she did not know but she would look out of the window.

Frank was thoroughly provoked, as Nell took care that he should be. "Shall we drive around the lake, Miss Blake?" Nell laughed at the odd rhymes, and looking up in his face with her sweetest smile, answered, "Oh, yes, Frank, by all means. Are those swans?" pointing to some ducks and ducklings that were swimming on a small pond, which Frank honored by the name of lake. Her question was asked in such a sweet, yet ironical manner, that it brought the color to his cheek, and as he was really angry, he cared nothing for the risk he would himself run, by tipping over the carriage; so giving a sudden and powerful turn of his whip, he brought it down hard upon the startled horses, and in an instant Mr. Frank Carl landed just where he had intended Miss Nell Blake to go, namely, up to his neck in the duck-pond. The horses dashed

off at a furious rate, but Nell soon checked their speed, and managing to drive directly around the pond, came trotting gaily up to the place of the mishap. Frank, by this time, had clambered out, and was now perched upon a large log, ruefully endeavoring to wring the water from his dripping clothes. With a very polite bow, and "how de do," the gay girl jumped upon the ground.

"Bless me, Nelly, let's get home," said the crest-fallen hero, "I'll wrap up in your big shawl, if you please. Ain't you frightened?"

"Frightened, no, indeed; I enjoy this, it's reality," cried the tantalizing girl, "not a bit of romance in it, is there, Frank?"

"Oh, no, not an atom of romance in being thrown from your carriage by fiery steeds, and——"

"Landed in the middle of a duck-pond," chimed in Nell, "I think you took a realizing sense of it, Frank, I do indeed: and now it's time to get home, or you will pay dear for this romancing:" and Nell wrapped Frank up in her double woollen shawl, and jumping into the carriage herself, took the reins, as she said, "She dare not trust such wild horses with him."

After a short drive they reached home, Frank thanking his stars that Nelly wasn't romantic or nervous, and thoroughly cured of his romantic notions.

In after years, when Frank began to rave, as he sometimes would about the "glorious works of nature"—Nelly, now his wife, would close his mouth for a moment on that subject, by saying, "Look out for the duck-pond."

## JOSEPHINE LACY.

BY A. L. OTIS.

"My wife," said Ronald Beresford confidentially to his sister, "shall be sweet sixteen, delicate as a flower, and as pretty. She shall not know what work, or care, or trouble means—a most loveable, soft, ethereal thing!"

"You had better choose a sensible woman, who has head enough to keep your household in order—or even to look after your affairs in case of need."

"I hate your strong-minded women," Ronald answered. "Such a pass as they are coming to with their women's rights fancies, driving horses, writing for publication in every paper, and Magazine, &c." He said much more to the same effect, but the reader can readily supply the rest of the tirade, or get the opinion of the most worthless fop of his acquaintance, which will be likely to resemble Ronald's, though my hero was neither a fop nor a foolish fellow. Some sensible folks, also, take up a silly idea now and then.

A few weeks afterward, business took Ronald to the West, and on a warm Sunday, in June, he found himself in a church, in one of our river cities. As he amused himself with irreverently looking about at all the pretty ladies within range of his eye, he caught, for an instant, a glimpse of a sweet face in the pew immediately before him. The young lady had turned to look up to the organ, and as her glance fell, it rested on him, as I said, but for a moment. During the rest of the service, Ronald inspected the light, pretty bonnet, the slender neck, and embroidered collar, with great interest, for the eyes, whose accidental look his own had caught, were dark and full, and well-shaded with long, fine lashes.

After service, the lady walked down the aisle before him, and he observed her pretty, light form. He also saw how warmly everybody greeted her, as if she had just returned from an absence. In the vestibule, especially, she was quite hemmed in by a circle of young and old lady friends, while the young gentlemen stood around with hats lifted, waiting to receive the recognizing glance, which would demand a bow and a few words of greeting. Ronald was struck with the smiling, modest grace, the heartfelt earnestness, and joyous, sparkling eyes, with which she returned all this congratulation, and he wished he had a right to claim acquaintance.

Though several young gentlemen were waiting to walk home with her, Ronald observed that she pertinaciously clung to an elderly woman who appeared to be a relative, and delayed so long in the church that the hint was taken, and she was left with no escort.

Still more pleased, Ronald sauntered off, also, thinking carelessly of it all, as of something he never should have to consider again, yet with a half-sigh he thought, "Just such a wife for me. So gentle, and lady-like, not in a hurry at receiving so much attention, so evidently beloved by all, and I am sure not one of your strong-minded women."

Ronald was staying with his aunt, and upon his return home found her in a state of exasperation at the warm weather. She proposed an excursion to the "Island," where her old friend Judith Lacy lived, for the next day, which was mid-summer's day. Ronald consented, and made some inquiries which resulted in his obtaining the following information. The "Island" was situated in the middle of the river a few miles below the city, and consisted of long, sandy beaches at each end, with a thick grove, or wood between. In the midst of this grove, Mr. Lacy's house stood. The whole island belonged to Mr. Lacy, and was famous for its fruit, which in that mellow clime, and rich soil, seems to imbibe a spring fragrance and deliciousness not possessed by that grown nearer the sea-shore.

The most interesting part of his aunt's communication, however, was about a certain Miss Lacy, of whom mention was made in a highly flattering manner. She was described as the pet of old and young, as the prettiest, and best, and most accomplished girl in the city, for that was regarded as her home, the island being so near it.

"Besides," continued his aunt, "she is a perfect cook, and indeed can turn her hand to anything, for she has an uncommon share of sense." And Ronald answered, with a slight sneer, "Oh, strong-minded, I presume!"

Not thinking of the common misapplication of that term, his aunt said,

"Yes, wonderfully. Mr. Lacy is almost always down the river, for his business is at New Orleans, and poor Mrs. Lacy has too many young

children to care for to find time for anything else. The whole management of everything comes upon Josephine, and she does so well."

"Detestable!" thought Ronald. "A managing, screwing, busybody of a woman. May I never meet her."

However, he thought better of that, and made no objection to going with his aunt the next day.

It was an exceedingly warm, close morning, and the noisy, dusty cars, in which they were whirled through the blazing sun, seemed up to oven heat. Even when arrived at the little wayside station, and they overlooked the river, it only sent to them, instead of coolness, a glaring reflection of light and heat from its motionless water. The by no means slightly made aunt, encased in a sun-absorbing, black silk dress, was suffering untold miseries, and Ronald himself, hat in hand, almost gasped for air.

"And now, where are we to pursue pleasure next?" he asked, mischievously.

"Pull up that little, red flag. It is a signal for a boat," his aunt answered; but as it hung, when he had raised it, without a flap, he began to fear being obliged to wait for the next train to the city, in that little, sun-baked room, especially as some time elapsed before the islanders seemed to be aware of the signal.

At last, a stout young woman, whom Ronald watched narrowly, was seen unmooring a little skiff, which she soon began to row vigorously across the stream. She arrived at the bank below the station, and as he saw her more closely Ronald muttered,

"Yes, just what I should imagine a strong-minded woman to be."

The object of his reflections soon addressed him in the Hibernian tongue, dispelling his fear that this was Miss Josephine. For a short time previously his aunt had remarked that Josephine often rowed across the river alone, and would, perhaps, come for them, could she guess who they were, or rather who she was.

"Ef yese the quality as raised the flag for the boat, ye may jest tell the misthress not to look for Biddy Callahan back the day, nor the morrow neither. It's not for the likes o' me to be at men's work, and ye may row yersels o'er."

She took her seat in the station house, casting angry, defying glances in every direction, and refused to say another word.

Ronald, after placing his aunt safely in the boat, was obliged to throw off his coat, and bend to the oars, a task which little pleased him in that broiling sun.

The distance was at last accomplished, and never was shade of date-trees more welcome to

traveller in the desert, than was that of the grapevine arbor on the shore to Ronald and his aunt.

Having rested themselves, they walked slowly through the cool, fragrant grove to the house, and found Mrs. Lacy on the porch awaiting them with a warm welcome. She was a tall, pale, feeble lady, with a gentle, affectionate heartiness of manner that made Ronald feel instantly that he was at home in her hospitable, motherly heart—probably because he was her dearest friend's nephew. She led them to a back-porch, draped almost to darkness with thickest woodbine, and removing Mrs. Beresford's bonnet sat down by her, and fanned her kindly, while they refreshed themselves with iced currant shrub and sponge cake, which had been placed in readiness for the visitors descried under the red flag at the station.

Mrs. Beresford then gave Mrs. Lacy the message sent by the insolent servant, and the latter looked the picture of despair when she heard it. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and said, laughingly,

"It is a fortunate thing that our visitors are so near and dear that they will forgive all deficiencies, and not wish for ceremonious treatment, so I will just say at once that we are left without a single servant in the house, and we must live on fruit, for I am so feeble I can do nothing, and Josie has her hands full. She has been all the morning with the children, while I rested myself. They are so much better and happier with her than with me, that I have almost given them up to her, though it is rather hard to find so young and inexperienced a girl better qualified to amuse and control them than I am. But my ill-health is my excuse. Will you be satisfied with a fruit dinner?"

Mrs. Beresford and Ronald declared that on such a day nothing but fruit was eatable, and then the two ladies retired for a siesta, while Ronald sauntered through the grove, and finally stretched himself beneath a tree, and gazed languidly at the clouds, or across the river to the bluffs which formed the opposite bank. While thus occupied, he beheld a nondescript and picturesque figure, engaged in gathering raspberries in the fruit garden at some distance from him. It was partly hidden, and he could not tell whether it was a young lad, or a young lady. What looked like a brown linen blouse and straw-hat would have assured him of the former, had he not imagined he saw dark curls, parted in the middle, and turned up a la Jenny Lind. There was also a gentleness and gracefulness of movement not very boyish. He

continued to watch the person working in the sun, with sleepy interest.

After seeing a well-filled basket deposited in the shade, he for a time lost sight of the object of his lazy contemplation, but it soon emerged from a cherry-tree with another overflowing basket.

Ronald now lost much of his interest, for his curiosity was gratified. He felt sure it was one of the boys. Even Josephine did not climb trees, he supposed. By-the-way, it was well he had escaped being obliged to talk to her, and make himself agreeable, or he might, on this sultry morn, have been engaged in a hot discussion of that intolerable bore, the women's rights questions, instead of—here he yawned, and dreamed the rest of his self-congratulations.

He was woken from a deep, long sleep by hearing his name pronounced, and he beheld his pretty lady of the church, looking down upon him, smiling, and telling him that his aunt and dinner awaited him. He sprang lightly to his feet, and resuming his coat, which had been his pillow, he accompanied Josephine, for she it was, of course, to the house.

It did not occur to him, that this was the strong-minded person he dreaded, and eager to commence acquaintance with one he had seen so flatteringly received by old and young, he mentioned having seen her in the church.

"Yes," she answered, "last Sunday I was so fortunate as to be able to go; and it was charming, after the service, to find myself in the midst of so many friends again, after being so lonely here. To be sure we have visitors nearly every day in summer, but that is not like 'mingling in the throng of busy spirits.'"

Ronald found no difficulty in maintaining a lively conversation, for he was amused by accounts of their mode of life on the island, and Josephine was not at all uncommunicative. She told him how they had often been left on the island alone—two women, thank heaven, not *helpless* women, with the children, and farm animals to take care of. Their servants felt themselves the more lonely because the city was so near, yet so difficult of approach, and both had now again become discontented and gone off. The farmer, and his wife, had gone to an agricultural fair, with some samples of fruit, and would not be back for a few days.

Ronald expressed his commiseration for such a state of affairs, but Josephine answered, laughing,

"Oh, this is peace—this is pleasure, compared with the misery of having to defend ourselves from the insolence of some servants we have

had, and of bearing with the incompetency of others."

"I hope your farmer is a competent and respectful person, for he appears to be your most important functionary."

"Yes, this one is a treasure. But the last—we had a fearful time with him."

"How so?"

"He used to be intoxicated half the time, and mother feared him so much she did not dare to tell him to go. At last, I ordered him away, as stoutly as I could, but he would not go, and became every day more insolent. One day, when he was saying something impertinent to mother, and entirely forgetting himself, I be thought myself of father's pistols. The moment I came to the fray armed with these he ran to the boat and never came back."

She stood still as she recounted this exploit, with one foot advanced, and hand extended, as if holding a pistol, and for one instant resumed the look of determination she doubtless wore at that time. Ronald recoiled, in amazement, from this phase of her beauty, for nobly beautiful she would have been then if painted as an Amazon; but when, letting her hand drop, and breaking into an arch smile, she said, "And they were not loaded," he was ready to join in her laugh, and to think admiringly of the young girl for her presence of mind. It was sometime before he spoke again to say,

"But how can you stay here in the midst of such troubles—yes, even dangers."

"We learn to take care of ourselves, and to depend upon ourselves—but how glad we shall all be when father is at home again."

"You have brothers, I hope," Ronald said. "Yes, I remember, I saw one of them gathering cherries."

She answered demurely,

"No, I have no brother."

"Indeed! well, I saw—it was then——"

"It was myself, in my brown holland working dress, a thing absolutely indispensable here. This thin, white muslin would hardly bear contact with raspberry vines, and cherry boughs, neither would its length allow of such activity as I am called upon to exercise."

"And you were gathering fruit for us in the noonday sun!"

"Your aunt loves nothing so well as cherries, and I preferred gathering fruit to chopping wood to make a fire, killing chickens, and cooking them over it, peeling potatoes, pumping water to boil them in, &c. You see I chose the easiest work, at your expense, perhaps."

Ronald did not think so, when he saw the

dinner-table spread in the shady porch presenting its tempting array. In the centre of the snowy damask was a glass fruit-dish heaped with apricots, whose delicious perfume filled the air. There were similar dishes through which currants, raspberries, and cherries shone red, glass pitchers filled with thickest, yellowest cream, plates of delicately cut sandwiches, and a silver filagre basket of sponge-cake. Biscuit, fresh butter, and ice-water only remains to be mentioned, and the dinner is before you. Never was there a more contented dinner party. The house being set down in a wood, and built of stone, seemed to banish the sultriness of the air, and cool fragrance took its place. The afternoon passed in pleasant chat over the fruit, and Ronald thought he had never before fallen in with such delightful people.

Toward evening, Mrs. Beresford, Mrs. Lacy, and Ronald walked to the sandy river-bank, where, seated beneath the arbor, they watched the sunset on the water, and the evening clouds stealing up in bright, voluminous pinnacles. It was not until those clouds began to assume a dark and lowering aspect, that Mrs. Beresford bethought herself of the necessity of going home. But Mrs. Lacy would not listen to such a proposition for a moment, and when Josephine summoned them to tea, it was decided that they should remain for at least one day more—a decision much to Ronald's satisfaction.

The expected storm passed over, and the clouds scattered before a brisk, cool wind, which soon again lulled, and left the warm summer mists to steal up and veil the bright moon. It was a night for sitting silent to enjoy the damp, cool fragrance of the woods, and listen to the mirth of the insects.

I must expressly state here that I do not allude to the "bragging" of mosquitoes. Their "day" does not come so early in the season, and exemption from their annoyance was one of the most highly appreciated pleasures of this loveliest of evenings—at least by the Lacys', who being greatly tormented, knew the pleasure of relief.

The evening passed in relating anecdotes of western and northern life, in reminiscences of the old friends, and in singing. Ronald was charmed to find that he could sing several duetts with Josephine, and as there are few pleasures to be compared to being thus in beautiful harmony with another, the time sped on joyous wings for him—perhaps for them both.

Of course, this was too pleasant to last long. Mrs. Beresford, quite fatigued by the unusual exertions of the day, retired early; Ronald, of

course, followed her example, that he might not detain Mrs. Lacy and Josephine. He sat by his window, (for after his long day-sleep, and evening of excitement, he could not think of slumber) until the noisy insects sank into the hush of midnight, and then until they awoke again at dawn, not thinking, but dreaming, true mid-summer night's dreams of some fairy-like existence—all bliss.

Ronald had not often been up and abroad in the country early enough to hear the first joyous burst of song from the awakening birds, so that this morning, from the time, in the purple dawn, when the first little chirping-bird began its prolonged twitter, until the air fairly rang with the jubilee at sunrise, he listened in delighted silence. The first ray darting across the river seeming to bring with it a stir of cool air, loaded with clover perfume, the slight shade of mistiness on the bluffs, and the sparkle of the bedewed forest leaves, were novel charms to him. With a swelling, greedy heart, he leaned out to take it all in at once, to get as much as possible of it, and by so doing, he saw Josephine in the garden below gathering radishes with an intentness that displeased him.

"Good morning, Miss Josephine. Don't you ever stop working to admire all this beauty? It seems to me a new, strange, and enchanting revelation."

"Perhaps not so new to me as to you," Josephine answered, looking up brightly. "But I give a glance around now and then, when I have time."

"Prosaic, after all!" thought Ronald, "but at any rate natural, and not sentimental."

In a few moments he was by her side, saying, "I have not closed my eyes to-night, but have for once been sincerely nature's worshipper. I am in love with her solemn, veiled beauties. Last night was like a fairy dream to me."

"It was mid-summer's night; Shakspeare and Mendelsohn have consecrated it to fairies."

"And this bright garden continues the delusion with you for enchanted princess."

"Oh, no. Please just now to consider me in quite a different light—that of the steward of a large family in the predicament of having nothing to give it to eat. We have no bread for breakfast, and children are such unreasonable creatures as to want to eat even on such a morning as this! The enchanted princess also feels decidedly hungry, and can't help herself without your aid."

"I shall be delighted to be of any service."

He received directions how to find the boat, row across the river, catch the pony, at pasture

on the bluffs, and go to the village baker's. He hastened through the garden, and plunged blithely into the woods. Josephine looked after him, as if she also longed to spring and bound in the buoyant morning air, but almost instantly the expression changed to one of alarm, as she heard a sudden exclamation, and then an attack upon something with stones.

Hastening to the spot, she found that Ronald had been bitten by a copper-head, a snake by some considered more deadly than a rattle-snake, and more treacherous, since it gives no warning. He had killed the reptile, and though his foot pained him acutely, was examining his foe, quite unaware of his danger, having never heard of such a creature.

Josephine's pale face first apprized him of his peril.

"Is it so poisonous?" he said.

"Take off your boot instantly," she replied; "or no—stand perfectly still—do not make the slightest movement you can help—don't draw a deep breath to send the blood faster through your veins. Support yourself by the tree while I take your boot off, and give me your handkerchief."

Ronald would not suffer her to remove his boot, but he saw that his refusal caused her so much alarm, that he kept as still as possible while she tied his handkerchief as tightly as she had strength to draw it, above his ankle.

Running hastily to the house, she summoned her mother, who brought some table salt for him to take.

"Now," said Josephine, firmly, "you must let me suck out the poison."

Ronald indignantly refused.

"Will you lose your life for a foolish scruple?"

"You shall not do it," Ronald replied.

"I run no risk, the poison is harmless in the mouth."

"I cannot think of permitting it," he still answered, and Josephine anxious not to excite him by entreaty, then said,

"There is a very painful alternative which gives a chance of relief, but to apply it, you must walk to the house, and I am afraid that will send the poison through your whole system."

"No blood will get into or out of the limb, your bandage is almost amputating," Ronald answered, with a smile.

He walked to the house, and was by Josephine's directions—for her mother was almost senseless from fright, and Mrs. Beresford not yet awake—seated in a cool place, while with hot irons held near to the wound, she extracted the poison.

It was indeed a most excruciatingly painful

remedy, but Josephine pursued it with energy, and for a long time Ronald bore it heroically. The pain from the poison and the hot irons at last urged from him the exclamation, between his clenched teeth,

"Will not that do?"

She looked up at his countenance, as she kneeled by him, and shook her head firmly, when she saw there the effects of the poison. She continued to anoint with oil, and hold the scorching iron near the wound, while the perspiration rolled down her patient's ashy face, and his form trembled with agony. Again he gave way to a smothered exclamation, and the words,

"Be merciful, good Miss Josephine!"

"Be a man," she said, with stern command, though more as if saying, "Be a woman" to herself, for the pain it gave her to persist was evident in her pale, compressed lips, that smothered down every weak, womanly longing to yield. She did not lessen her efforts until she looked up with anxious care and saw that Ronald was fainting.

Telling her mother to give him a few drops of brandy, and leaving directions for his further treatment, she hastily set out to procure a physician.

When Ronald revived he felt much better. The sense of fullness, almost to bursting, had left his head, and he was well enough to look around for his energetic nurse.

"There she is," said her mother, guessing his thoughts, "you can see her on the opposite shore. She has gone for the doctor."

Ronald languidly watched her as she pulled the boat up on the sand in desperate haste, and then climbed the bluff. He saw her approach a shaggy little pony, with persuasively extended hand and cautious slowness. The animal suffered itself to be caught and bridled. In a moment she was seated upon his back, galloping, regardless of having no saddle, at furious speed toward the village, which was about two miles distant. Ronald could see her but for one short minute, and as soon as she was out of sight he began to feel a thousand fears for her safety.

He was somewhat reassured by her mother's unconcern, and he made an effort to ask if she was safe.

"Yes, Josie, poor child, has had to learn strange things for a girl. She has to be both son and husband to me."

It was not long before the boat was descried crossing the river with two persons in it, and when the doctor arrived, he declared Ronald out



of danger, saying, proudly, that his "brave little disciple" had saved a life that morning. He looked about for her he was praising, but his brave little disciple was having a good cry in her own room, and tormenting herself with the doubt that she had given one shade more pain than was necessary.

It was some weeks before Ronald left the island, for he took advantage of every pretext to linger. In a letter to his sister, he wrote as follows:

"You remember my ideal of a wife? Well, I

have found the embodiment of it, and if she will only listen to me, I shall be more happy than I ever dared hope. I must confess, though, that she rides horses bare-back, climbs trees, rows a boat, and handles pistols—all trifles either done or let alone—for she is truly a sweet, delicate, gentle, noble-minded, common sense woman."

"Oh," said his sister, "Ronald has gone and proposed to a horrible, strong-minded woman after all, and I am likely to have her for a sister-in-law!"

## THE MAIDEN'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

THE evening was one of the loveliest of mid-summer. Softly the silvery moonbeams lighted up each object, and the light breeze that had sprung up at sunset was all the more welcome from the sultry heat of the day just closed.

Mrs. Danville sat at her parlor window looking occasionally out upon the now silent street, or turning a glance of maternal love and pride upon the fair boy by her side, who at her request was repeating an evening hymn in the soft, artless accents of childhood. The balmy beauty of the hour seemed to bring holy thoughts to both mother and child, and after the hymn was ended they conversed as a pious mother and a thoughtful child will, of heavenly things.

There was another occupant of the room, a gentleman named Sidney Campbell, the lover of Mrs. Danville's only sister, for whom he was now waiting, that they might enjoy an evening walk together. He had been sitting at the other window, and his presence seemed forgotten by Mrs. Danville, whom, however, he was attentively observing. At length, as mother and child relapsed into thoughtful silence, he rose and approaching them, stood regarding the child in silence, as with his sunny head upturned he gazed yearningly on the starry sky, with that strange intensity of expression seen only in rarely gifted children.

"Is it well, think you, my dear madam," said Mr. Campbell, at last, "is it well to imprint those ideas on the impressible mind of childhood? Why not rather allow him to grow up in the merry thoughtlessness of his age, than shadow his bright spirit by dwelling on such themes?"

"The shadow will not rest upon it long," was the mild reply, "it will pass away, but not with it, I trust, the thought that caused it. 'Tis because childhood is, as you say, so impressible, that I strive to imprint on my boy's heart and mind thoughts, which, though scarcely comprehended now, may return to him in after years, when perhaps I shall have passed from earth, and strengthen him against temptation. God alone knows what path my Alfred may have to tread, but 'tis my duty to prepare him from his earliest years as well as I can, to tread it so that he may reach the heavenly goal at last."

"And this you think to do by filling his mind with vague speculations, for which there will be time enough by-and-bye, if he choose thus to waste it on such objects. 'Tis a pity to weaken thus the judgment of a precious child."

He spoke seemingly more to himself than to his companion, who looked up at him quickly with marked surprise on her mild face.

"I am at a loss how to understand your words, Mr. Campbell," she said, gravely. "You are not, surely, an Infidel or Atheist—yet your language would seem to indicate as much."

He did not reply for a moment, till perceiving that she still kept her eyes upon him with anxious interest, he slowly replied,

"I am not an Infidel. I believe in a *Creator*, for it is absurd to suppose that the world was the work of *chance*. But what you call revealed religion I regard as a fable; I never could believe in its puerile mysteries."

Mrs. Danville's countenance fell, and her voice was sad when she again spoke.

"A while ago you asked me if I had any objection to your winning my sister's love, I said 'no,' not thinking of this obstacle."

He interrupted her hastily. "Surely you would not now object to me because I am not a religious man?"

"I must, and so I think Ella will."

"Not if she loves me as I hope she does—Ella is no bigot."

A slight sigh startled both, and looking up they beheld the object of their remarks standing close by.

"Why, Ella, when did you come into the room? I never heard you," was her sister's astonished exclamation.

"I came while you were speaking of Alfred. You were both so interested that I did not like to interrupt your conversation."

"That reminds me that 'tis near Alfred's time for retiring," said Mrs. Danville, and in another moment Sidney and Ella were alone.

"You have changed your intention of taking a walk, I perceive," he said, observing that she was laying aside her bonnet.

"I shall remain at home this evening," was the reply.

Sidney left the window, and drew her to the

sofa, where, after sitting a few moments in silent embarrassment, he began,

"You have heard my conversation with your sister, Ella—then you have learned that I had her permission to declare in words the love which you must long have been convinced was yours. I have fondly dreamed that you could return the love that has been cherished in my heart from our first meeting. Can you, Ella?"

She was silent for a moment, then in a sad tone murmured, "I *could* have done so—but not now."

"Oh, Ella, loved one, say not so! Do not crush the happy dreams, the sweet hopes I have been indulging. Let not my want of religion estrange us, Ella, I will respect your principles—never, never will I interfere in your pious duties."

"Sidney—Mr. Campbell, say no more; do not tempt me thus. Let this interview, painful to us both, and—I can never be yours."

Ella rose as she spoke. Her voice was low and tremulous, and the bright moon that shone in through the window, revealed her face pale and bedewed with tears; but it revealed also the deep, earnest expression of her dark eyes that attested the sincerity of her words. The lover's hopes fell as he met that glance, yet taking her hand in his he plead fervently, passionately that she would recall her cruel words; but in vain.

"We must part, now and forever. "Farewell," was all she could trust herself to say, and withdrawing her hand glided from the room.

"My poor sister!" murmured Mrs. Danville, as Ella, reaching her apartment, threw herself sobbing into her outstretched arms; and her own tears fell with those of the stricken girl on whom she gazed tenderly. She had observed with pleasure the growing attachment of her young sister for one she deemed every way worthy of her. Day after day that attachment had been strengthening: now with her own hand must she crush down the fond hopes of her heart, that heart so gentle, so tender, so unfit to wrestle with its long-cherished feelings at the stern command of duty.

"You have, then, rejected Mr. Campbell, Ella?" inquired her sister, when Ella's emotion had almost exhausted itself in weeping.

"Oh, yes," was the reply, as the tears again began to flow.

"Don't you think you have been too hasty, love, that you will regret this decision? I almost wish you had taken time for calm consideration. He is so noble, generous and high principled, I am sure he would make a devoted husband."

Ella made no answer; she was weeping silently now.

"This want of religion is, I do believe, the only defect he has."

Mrs. Danville continued. "And you might overcome that, Ella; you know the unbelieving husband is——"

"Oh, sister, sister, do not you turn tempter!" interrupted Ella, hastily. "Do not echo the sophistries of my own too weak heart. God will give me strength to bear this trial—to make sacrifice He requires."

And Ella fled from her sister, and sought refuge in her own chamber, there with prayers and tears to implore the strength she sorely needed. Not in human sympathy, however dear and precious it may be, is the balm that can heal a wound like hers. He who alone knows the depth, the intensity of affection which the young, guileless heart is capable of feeling, He alone can heal its wounds when desolate, crushed and bleeding it seeks His promised aid. Consolation came to Ella as she poured out her meek, trusting soul in supplication, and with it came also strength to complete her sacrifice.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Danville received a visit from the rejected lover. He came to implore her mediation. He told her that only for his unbelief Ella would be his, and he appealed to her sisterly sympathy to lead Ella to look less seriously on this objection, to which her young, enthusiastic spirit gave too much weight, prompting her to sacrifice at once his happiness and her own. Mrs. Danville, though looking on the "objection" in much the same light as Ella, yet remembering her drooping form and tearful face as she had appeared that morning at breakfast, almost wished that Sidney might succeed in his suit; and seeking her young sister, she urged her to go down to the parlor where he was waiting to see her once more—only once. Ella raised her calm eyes with a look of gentle reproach.

"You wish me to go down, Catharine, that he may try yet again to shake my resolution. I will not expose myself to the temptation. Tell him we meet no more, but he shall ever have my best wishes for his happiness, my prayers. But alas! he values not prayers."

Mrs. Danville reluctantly delivered the message. Mr. Campbell heard it in silence, then rising thanked her for her kind effort in his behalf, shook her hand warmly and left the house. A few hours after Ella received the following note:

"I am about to leave the place, beloved one, and cannot do so without at least penning the

farewell, I may not speak. I will make no farther attempt to shake the resolution which gives me irrepressible sorrow. But I think not altogether of my own feelings—it grieves me to reflect that I have caused a blighting shadow to fall on the heart which I had hoped to shield through life from every pang. May peace and happiness return to you my once loved—still loved Ella. Farewell. S. C.”

Ella read the note in tearful silence: then placing it in her sister's hand, with the simple words, “This is the end,” withdrew to struggle in solitude with her heart-grief—to breathe the prayers of a trusting spirit for herself, but far more for him. When she next appeared among the family Mrs. Danville observed her anxiously, and marveled how the young creature so bravely bore up against this sudden blighting of her hopes. The fair face wore a touching expression of past sorrow; the dark eyes drooped oftener beneath their long lashes; the clear, soft voice had a subdued cadence; but she mingled cheerfully in the domestic circle—her hours of grief, and many such she knew, were spent in solitude.

Again it was a bright summer evening. Nearly three years had passed since the night that changed Ella Blair's fate. She was sitting alone in the parlor recalling the crying scene of that night, when her sister entered with a letter just arrived. It was from a well known physician of the neighboring town of C—, stating that Sidney Campbell was at his house dying from the effects of an accident received while riding; and that his constant desire was that his friend Mrs. Danville would come to him and bring her sister, if they still lived together. He could scarcely resign himself to die without seeing once more her whose image time and absence had failed to banish. Dr. Powell urged Mrs. Danville to comply with this request immediately, and enclosed a note to Ella penned in trembling characters.

“Come to me, my loved one! My heart is yearning to look on you once more. Ella, your prayers have been heard. I have learned to prize the holy faith to which you sacrificed your love. Come if you wish to give me the only earthly joy I now desire. But whether I see you ever again or not, my last prayer shall be for you. God bless you, my own beloved!”

“Shall we go?” asked Ella, looking up through tears of mingled joy and grief.

“Certainly, Ella. You could not think of denying his last request. Let us hope that

your coming will drive the death-angel from his pillar.”

And Mrs. Danville smiled brightly, for she was a firm believer in “love's miracles,” and fully believed that the sight of Ella would give back health and strength to the dying lover.

But one glance at the sadly changed face of Sidney Campbell, as she was ushered into his chamber, dispelled her pleasing fancies. The physician had impatiently expected them, for his almost unerring skill assured him that this day would be the last his patient would behold on earth. The invalid felt this also, but without regret. Every wish was gratified on beholding Ella once more.

She sat beside his couch, one hand imprisoned in his while he gazed unweariedly on her beautiful countenance, telling her, as his increasing weakness permitted him to speak, how he had been led to embrace the Faith he once had scorned. And her heart was full of gratitude to her heavenly Father as he finished.

“I come, indeed, at the eleventh hour, but I humbly hope to be received by Him whose mercy is above all. He has made you the agent of my salvation, Ella, and I bless you for the refusal which has taught me a holier, better love than I then could know.”

Ella left not the death chamber for the few remaining hours of his life. His last look was directed to her, his last audible words were a blessing on her as she was kneeling in prayer for his parting spirit.

Mrs. Danville's grief was apparently greater than her sister's. It seemed so hard that now that the only obstacle had been removed which had prevented a happy union, death should step in to place a final bar to her hopes of seeing Ella a blooming, joyous bride. She was sure that, bravely as the gentle girl had supported her first trial, she would sink under this new affliction.

But Ella mourned the departed with a gentle, submissive sorrow, which was soothed by the recollection of his happy, Christian death. And once more at home in her sister's house, she went about faithfully fulfilling her varied duties, with a spirit at once chastened and elevated by the reminiscences of the past.

As time passed on, Dr. Powell, who had learned from his patient what had passed between himself and Ella, and had looked on her with admiration, not only of her personal charms, but of her true, womanly nature, became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Danville's, who remembering that her house was twenty miles from C—, came to the sagacious conclusion that all these visits portended something. She was wise enough to

give no hint of her suspicions to Ella, who always received the doctor with a gentle pleasure, for he had been a good friend to poor Sidney, and had contributed much to render the last days of his life his best days. She never thought of him as a suitor.

Great, therefore, was her surprise when he at length took courage to declare his sentiments. It was at first with a bewildered glance that she turned her eyes on him as if to assure herself that she had heard aright. Then she shook her head slowly as she told him that she had nought to give in return for the deep passion he expressed; she had loved truly, though unhappily; but the heart could know no second bloom.

"Ella," he said, gently taking her hand, "I know of your attachment, and I love you all the more that you were the means of leading a fellow being to that God, whom, save for you, he perhaps would never have known. I do not expect the fervid affection you cherished for him, I will be content with a lower place in your heart, Ella. Cannot you grant me this?"

Ella turned away with a rising blush from the eloquent gaze bent upon her. She made no answer, but she did not withdraw her hand, and looking on this as a favorable "symptom," the

doctor was willing to allow her time to consider the unexpected proposal.

"I think you have a friendly regard for me, Ella?" he said, at length.

"Surely you cannot doubt it," rejoined Ella, suddenly turning her eyes timidly upon him.

"Then I will not ask for more, dearest girl. Let us tread together the path of life, not as young enthusiasts seeking for impossible bliss, but as pilgrims content to gather the humblest flowers that spring up to brighten our path as we journey homeward."

And they were married. In the enlarged sphere to which she was thus transplanted, Ella found opportunities for the exercise of all the virtues that elevate and ennoble woman. By the couch of suffering and pain, in the haunts of poverty and despair, the form that sometimes graced the assemblages of wealth and fashion was often meekly bending, and her name, and her husband's, went up to heaven in the grateful petition of many who were ready to perish. And as years went by they brought but new blessings, and added happiness to the doctor's beautiful home, and knit more closely and lovingly the hearts of the happy husband and wife.

## FANNY'S "TWENTY DOLLARS."

BY MRS. M. J. RICHARDSON.

"Now for that splendid collar at Upton's," soliloquized Mrs. Hapgood, as she drew on her delicate hands a close-fitting pair of white kid gloves; and stepping to the mirror, she re-adjusted her exquisite bonnet. "What a beauty," she continued, "I cannot see how Charles could say that twenty dollars was too much for such a trifle. Trifle, indeed! I wonder if the Jenkinsses will think it a trifle, when I wear it at Mrs. Le Claire's *soiree* to-night. Oh! to eclipse them once, only once in embroidery."

The reader must not set Fanny Hapgood down as wholly a vain and fashionable woman. The only daughter of a rich man, she had been flattered from childhood up. At sixteen she had married a prosperous merchant, who had made her, for two years, his darling. What wonder then if Fanny had yet to learn some sad heart-lessons from the outer world!

Fanny was so eager to reach Upton's, that she did not observe, on opening the front door, that a little child stood in her way. A fall, and cry, and something rolled down the costly steps, and lay motionless on the pavement.

"Oh! what have I done? What *have* I done?" she cried, affrighted, trembling all over, as she recognized a little boy, clad in rags, but beautiful even in his tatters, as the object she had run against, and who lay now apparently dead.

Instantly the coveted collar was forgotten. Shrieking aloud for assistance, and careless of her snowy gloves and spotless dress, she stooped down, and picked up the little sufferer. He moaned, as she lifted him, but did not open his eyes; and his face was covered with blood.

"I have killed him," cried Fanny, and with her costly handkerchief, she wiped the blood away. "God help me!" And she burst into tears.

The servants came rushing to the door, in answer to her frenzied ring: the child was carried up to a spare chamber; and Fanny, forgetting all about the *soiree* and the Jenkinsses, sat down to nurse the sufferer, first sending for the doctor.

The physician pronounced the child seriously injured. A high fever, attended by delirium, set in. Four, five, six o'clock came. Fanny, her tears falling fast, would permit no one to

administer the medicines, or watch by the bedside but herself. When the clock struck seven, and Fanny knew that her husband would now soon be home, she went stealthily to the door, and put her finger to her lips, as he came bounding up stairs, two steps at a time. "Hush!" she said, "come in here." And leading him to the bed, she whispered what had happened.

She had scarcely finished, when the little sufferer awoke, free from delirium. At first he looked frightened, and was about to cry; but Fanny soothed him on her bosom; and he smiled up at her; and was soon able to tell his tale. He could, as yet, only speak indistinctly, however, on account of his extreme childhood. But his eager listeners gathered, from his broken language, that he had been sent out to beg, early that morning; that he had eaten nothing all the preceding day; that his bare feet had been threading the icy streets for hours unsuccessfully; and that he was about to knock at the door, to ask alms, when the hasty exit of Fanny had caused the accident.

"Father in heaven, can this be possible?" said Fanny, when the lisping, feeble accents ceased.

"Not only possible, but probable," replied her husband. "Ah! dearest, there are scores, in this great city, just as destitute."

"I know now why you said twenty dollars was too much for such a trifle as a new collar, when I have enough already," said Fanny, with bitter self-reproach, bursting into tears. "What good could I not do, among these poor, with twenty dollars."

It was impossible to know, from the description of the child, where his widowed mother lived. It was somewhere in a cellar, and she was ill abed; that much the listeners learned: as also that his sister, who was but a little older than himself, had sent him out to beg, she having to stay and watch by her mother.

"I will but get a cup of tea," said Mr. Hapgood, "and then go out and hunt for them. Think how alarmed they will be about him."

Hours passed, yet her husband did not return; and meantime Fanny sat, holding the weary head of the sufferer, soothing him to sleep, or watching beside him. At last, near midnight, Mr. Hapgood returned.

"I have found them at last," he said, taking off his wet overcoat, for it was sleeting violently without. "The mother has seen better days. She was almost distracted, when I entered the low, damp cellar, where there was not a bit of fire. Oh! Fanny, we don't know what suffering there is, till it is brought to our very doors in this way."

Fanny drew him to the fire, and away from the bed, for the child had now fallen into a sweet sleep, which was undisturbed by dreams. "He breathes naturally now," she said. "The doctor was here at ten o'clock, and said that he was out of danger. Tell me all about them."

They shared their tears, Fanny and her husband, as the latter told a story of widowhood, sorrow, and destitution, such, alas! as is furnished only too often by our great cities. When the narrative was done, Fanny was a changed being. For the first time in her life, she had been brought face to face with real suffering; and she made a resolution, which she has since faithfully kept.

The next day, the twenty dollars, which Fanny had designed for the collar, was laid out for the benefit of Mrs. Waters, the mother of the injured child. A neat, warmly furnished room was procured; a stove put up; and the sick lady moved into it. Groceries were placed in the cupboard; coal in the cellar; winter clothing

purchased for the daughter; and the family physician of the Hapgoods despatched to prescribe for the invalid.

Nor did the benevolence of Fanny stop here. When the mother had recovered, which she soon did, now that she had medical attendance and a warm apartment, a little store was stocked for her, so that she might earn her living. By this time, the injured child was well, and had gone home; and a merry household it was on Christmas Eve, when Mrs. Waters opened her shop, and ate her first supper in what seemed to her little ones a palace.

Our readers would be surprised to know how little money it took to do all this. Fanny had often wasted as much, in one season, on unnecessary articles of dress; and there are many who will peruse this tale, who have done the same. Nor is it the last of her charities. Systematically, since then, has she labored to deserve the divine words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did not unto me."

Great and glorious is thy mission, Fanny! The world is calling with her thousand voices, "Come!" But the desolate and the stricken, the widowed and the fatherless, cry to thee also; and verily! thou hast chosen the better part. Would to God, that, in this broad, hard world, more hearts might receive, like thee, the baptism that shall make them whole.

## CHILD-LIKE ALLIE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I WAS standing by the mirror, training my refractory curls into some appearance of neatness—in part to punish them for having strayed so wantonly over the pillow during my restless slumber. They were beautiful locks—soft, curling, and of a captivating golden hue. The fact that they were just the very setting to relieve an otherwise homely face—and that my brother Fred had declared them to be the very superlative of beauty—I give as an off-set to the charge of egotism, which may already have resolved itself in the reader's mind. And let me tell you, the opinion of such a fine, gallant, good-looking fellow as Fred, was worth a good deal! My thoughts were on him, now, as I stood before the mirror. In fact, it was on that very day, a year ago, that he had sailed from Europe. I was thinking it was time I had another letter from him, when the door opened, and cousin Allie bounded into the room.

"Oh, Kate! what do you think?" cried the pretty girl, as she pirouetted round the room—"a letter from cousin Fred!"

"Oh, Allie, can it be?" I replied, my face reflecting the happiness upon her own—"I had just been thinking of Fred. Come, let us sit down and read it."

We both seated ourselves upon the sofa, and commenced perusing the letter. Allie threw her soft white arm around my neck, while her dark curls mingled in sweet contrast with the lighter ones of mine.

A beautiful girl was Allie. Her dark, liquid eyes, so full of dreamy tenderness, beamed with almost spiritual beauty; and a hasty word or a touching incident would bring the tears to her eyes, the warm blush to her cheeks, and a sweet, imploring expression to her countenance. Sel-dom were the deep fringes of her eyelids lifted sufficiently to allow those with whom she conversed, to mark the beautiful and fitting shadows of the deep and sweet emotions of her loving spirit. There was a quiet dignity and purity about the gentle girl that repulsed the most presuming. She was easy and unaffected, because seeking to appear no higher nor better than she really was. Her look and manners were peculiarly winning in their tranquil, subdued gentleness; yet when this was occasionally

laid aside for awhile, amid the inexpressible mirth of childish amusement, her laugh had the ringing melody which seems the musical essence of enjoyment.

"Oh! how interesting!" cried the delighted Allie, as we pored over the manuscript—"oh! how I do love your brother Fred!"

I started with agreeable surprise at this remark, and as I gazed up into her sweet, innocent face, and drank in the glory from those dark fascinating orbs that were so rarely unveiled, a thousand sweet emotions came welling up in my soul, and straining the dear, dear girl to my bosom, I covered her lips and cheeks with kisses.

"Dear cousin Allie," I replied, "and Fred loves you in return."

"Oh! Kate, do you think so?" murmured that rich, musical voice, while her eyes flashed with renewed brilliancy. A moment afterward, a dark shadow passed over her fine features, and she added, in a low, mournful tone, "but he may forget me among the beautiful, the wealthy, and the gifted."

"No—no; never, Allie! I cannot bear to hear you talk so sorrowfully, or speak thus of my dear brother Fred. Few are more beautiful than your own sweet self—few wealthier in a loving, trusting disposition—few more talented or gifted. Believe me, Allie," I continued, watching the light that again irradiated her features—"he loves you with all that fervency his generous, throbbing heart is capable of—and even now I feel and *know* that he is longing to see his 'dear Allie' again—the 'little missionary, sunlight,' as he called you when you came to our saddened home, and with the magic power of your gentleness threw the 'sunlight' of happiness every where."

The tears stood in Allie's eyes, and pressing my hand with gratitude, she nestled her head upon my bosom, while I read aloud to her the remainder of the letter—which in fact was a very pretty postscript of some length—and which made Allie's heart beat wildly against her bodice. It ran as follows:

"P. S. My dear sister Kate, you may suppose that I have become by this time considerably



'Frenchified'—and you no doubt imagine that, on my return, I will exclaim, after an attempt to speak good English, '*Ah! machere, c'est inutile; ce vilian Anglais me reste toujours au gosier!*' ('Ah! my dear, it is useless; this ugly English will stick in my throat!')

"Oh, my sister! How I wish I felt once more your soft, white arms around my neck, could hear the sweet murmur of your voice, or have your head, with its wealth of sunny hair, nestling confidently on my bosom as of old; while I gazed down into the glorious depths of your eyes, growing softer and sweeter, beaming only for me, since we laid a fond, a loving, and a manly heart into the quiet grave!

"Oh! where may that blessed dream be sought, which can fling over the pensive evening of life the sunny brightness of its morning; which nourishes the heart's young warmth through the successive lustres of passing years; feeds the unwasted spirit to its last flesh, and seems extinguishable only by that power which stills the vital throb and quenches the ethereal flame together?

"The echo of the heart answereth, '*Home!*' And I am coming home soon, my dear, dear sister.

"I miss Alice as much as I do your sweet self. How is she? Growing more beautiful and captivating every day, I suppose? Kate, I love Allie fondly, dearly. Oh, often when the quiet shades of evening gather around me, do I involuntarily murmur—

"Allie dear!

Call thou me home! from thee apart  
Faintly and low my pulses beat,  
As if the life-blood of my heart  
Within thy own heart holds its rest,  
And flowereth only where thou art!  
Oh! call thou me home!

"But I must draw my letter to a close. If you think Allie has ever more than a kind, cousinly thought for me, read her this postscript. I shall write again by the next steamer. In the meantime, dear Kate, may the richest blessings of God and of your absent brother be with you.

FRED VERNON."

Months passed on. Letter after letter came from Fred, but no further remark or inquiry about Allie. She seemed to be forgotten. Allie tried in vain to bear up against it. I could not soothe her. Her cheeks grew wan, and the light dimmed in her eyes. Often would I place my hand upon them at night and find them swimming in tears.

"I always knew it. I am not worthy of him," she would murmur—"why should he care about

such a poor, simple, unsophisticated girl as I?" And then in her despondency she would wring her hands, and cry as if her heart was breaking.

Oh! how that sweet young girl loved—worshipped—adored! Hers was a love that defied all analysis, a love of the higher and nobler order, a love that would, if unrequited, bear her to the tomb!

In his last letter, Fred wrote of having at last found such a woman as he would desire for his wife. Rich, talented, fascinating. Peerless in her beauty, winsome in her poetical conceptions, glorious in the power of her intellect. This was the crowning blow to the hopes of poor Allie.

Fred came! More beautiful than ever in his manhood, more refined in the cast of his features, more intellectual in the flash of his eye. He clasped me fervently to his heart, pushed me backward and forward, seeming to notice every change in my features that absence had made. Kissing my cheeks, and parting my golden curls from my forehead to press his loving lips there, he cried,

"And where is Allie! my dear little Allie—the missionary, sunlight? I am dying to see her!"

"Dying to see Allie?" I cried, vaguely: "then you love her, Fred?"

"Love her?" he asked, vehemently.

I almost sank to the floor beneath the flash of his brilliant eyes. I felt that Allie was saved!

I led the way up stairs. Allie was lying on the bed, and the dark circles around her eyes betrayed that she had been weeping bitterly. Fred stole up and kissed her half-parted lips. The dear girl dreamily opened her eyes.

"Allie—dear, gentle Allie!" cried my brother, "have you forgotten Fred?—*your own dear Fred?*"

Allie looked up into his eyes. She studied the lines of his deeply expressive face. She watched the finely chiseled lips, wreathing with love and delight. A gleam of trust and assurance lighted up her features for a moment, then throwing her arms wildly around him, she sobbed until I thought her very heart would break.

I put their hands together, with an expressive glance. Oh! what a beautiful couple they seemed to me as I stood off to view them. Fred, with his hair carelessly pushed back from his high, intellectual forehead; his features singularly handsome, refined, delicate, yet linked with all the nobleness of manhood! And child-like Allie, the flush sinking and rising to her temples, the pretty lips twitching deliciously, and the long silken lashes sleeping like a shadow on her cheek, ever and anon raised to allow a glimpse

at those glorious orbs that when looked into made one strangely dream of heaven!

Fred's letter about having found one to love was all a *ruse*, to try Allie and myself. Allie and Fred were married. And now a sweet child of eight summers, that loves to call me "Aunty," is carrying on the "Battle of Prague" with deafening effect on the piano; while another, with dimpled chin and laughing eyes, is thrust-

ing its chubby fist into my face, or pulling at my golden curls. Just such a baby as Aldrich sings of:

"Have you not heard the poet tell  
How came the dainty babe Bell  
Into this world of ours?  
The gates of Heaven were left ajar;  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes  
She wandered out out of Paradise!"

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## GEORGY GRANT'S STRATAGEM.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"THERE's no use talking about it, Carry—I won't marry my grandfather," said Georgy Grant, the color deepening in her cheeks, as she stooped to gather a bunch of fern leaves and purple asters.

I stopped in my walk, from astonishment. My friend Georgy had heretofore, with her habitual careless indifference, taken her marriage with Matthew Harvey as a matter of course.

"But I thought you liked him, Georgy," said I, apologetically.

"No, I don't," was the curt reply, snatching some scarlet and yellow maple leaves to add to her aster and fern.

An unaccountable gloom settled on my companion's usually bright face. She did not seem disposed to say more, and I was afraid to question.

We walked on some distance in silence, the haze of the gorgeous October afternoon around us; the stillness broken only by a falling chesnut burr, or startled rabbit; the turf beneath our feet, still green and elastic, and the few dropping leaves, circling slowly about us ere they touched the ground with their light footsteps.

"Papa will never consent," at length said Georgy, as if to herself.

"Consent to what?" I inquired; but a new light was beginning to break upon me.

"To my not marrying Mr. Harvey," replied my friend.

"And to your marrying some one else," I said, willing to help her along, and gratify my own curiosity at the same time.

A smile and a blush flitted over Georgy's face, but she only replied,

"I've refused Mr. Harvey twice already since we have been in the country."

"Well?"

"Well, he won't stay refused."

Her lips were half parted, as if for further confidence, but she only hummed through them, as she walked on, the air of "Love Not."

"I think Mr. Harvey would make an excellent husband," I said, at last, endeavoring to bring back the conversation.

"I hope you will marry him then, for I never shall," retorted Georgy. "Because papa chose to withdraw from the firm, he must put me in for

a partner, forsooth! I wouldn't be a *silent* one, though, would I, Carry?" and her old, gay laugh rung clear, through the stillness of the afternoon. It had not died away, when a turn in our path disclosed to our view a gentleman, seated upon a fallen tree, busily engaged in sketching.

Neither the artist, nor Georgy seemed surprised at the meeting; and a certain drooping of the eyelid, which had never been caused by Matthew Harvey, revealed the cause of her sudden dislike for her father's late partner.

My friend's usual nonchalance had deserted her, and it was with crimson cheek, and a low voice, that she introduced me to Walter Bailey.

We were soon seated on the trunk of the fallen tree, which he had deserted, and he was making himself comfortable on Georgy's plaid shawl, which he spread on the ground.

I dearly liked a love affair, and when not busy on my own account, went into it heart and soul for my friends; so I begged the favor of looking over the artist's sketch-book, and placed myself in such a way that Georgy could have no excuse for looking too. I really did not think the drawings had much merit, but I took a long while to criticise them; and when, at the end of half an hour, I glanced up, I found the shawl and the gentleman much nearer my companion's feet than when I began.

It was part of Mr. Bailey's profession, I suppose, to study the beautiful, so he was only following his vocation, as he gazed so earnestly at Georgy's face. I really think he must have known every curve in it, from the broad, low, Psyche-like brow, shaded by the rippling black hair, the full, soft eye, the delicately curved nostril, the sweet, almost infantile mouth, down to where the dimpled chin, and rounded cheek, curved off into the stately, white throat.

The artist's arm was leaning on the tree, *very* near to where the young girl sat.

"Then let me speak to your father before he comes," pleaded the gentleman, earnestly.

"It's too late; he's coming to-day," was the low reply, and the fingers that were arranging a wreath of scarlet maple leaves and purple aster about the crown of the round garden flat, trembled visibly.

The most manœuvring chaperone in the world

could not have found another half hour's excuse in that portfolio, so I let it drop from my lap to startle the lovers.

The private conference was of course thus ended, and we soon rose to walk home, accompanied as far as the lawn gate by Mr. Walter Bailey.

Mrs. Grant was sitting on the piazza as we approached. A dissatisfied look shaded her usually round, good-humored face.

"Georgy," said she, as we seated ourselves on the piazza steps, "I do hope you will not encourage that Mr. Bailey to walk home with you, if you happen to meet him, when Mr. Harvey is here."

"Why, what's the harm, mother?" asked the daughter, picking at the fringe of her shawl, without looking up.

"I do not think it is proper for a young lady, in your situation, to have a picture-making-man dragging after you all the time," replied Mrs. Grant, with dignity.

"My situation!" echoed Georgy, with such a comical glance at me, that I was forced to stoop to loosen the string of my gaiter, in order to hide an irresistible laugh.

Mrs. Grant went on with her stitching, and Georgy sat gazing out steadily on the autumn landscape, but I suspect seeing nothing, except with her mind's eye, but a tall, slight figure carrying a sketch book and crayons, through those enchanted woods.

Presently Mrs. Grant looked up, and exclaimed, "There comes Mr. Harvey, down the road." Georgy, run down to the gate to meet him."

Georgy looked up suddenly. The sight of her adversary gave her strength. She laughed saucily, as she sung out,

"There is an old man comes over the lea,  
Ha, ha! but I won't have him;  
Comes over the lea, to marry me,  
With his grey beard newly shaven."

"Georgy, how can you? I'm sure his beard isn't grey," said the literal Mrs. Grant.

"If it isn't, it's because he dyes it," was the retort.

By this time, the person under discussion had entered the gate, and was slowly jogging toward the house, on his sleek, round, brown cob.

"Isn't he a picture, though?" queried my friend, whose thoughts seemed to run a good deal on pictures.

Upon approaching the house, Mr. Harvey had evidently endeavored to make a favorable impression. He settled himself well in the saddle, threw back his shoulders, straightened his legs,

and only touched his stirrups with the ends of his boots, whilst he pinioned his arms against his sides very much like a trussed fowl.

"What shall we do to take the stiffening out of him, Cad?" asked Georgy, watching him very much as a dog watches a cat upon whom he intends making an assault.

But we had no time to concoct a plan, for Mr. Harvey had dismounted, and having given his horse in charge of James, the coachman, was bowing over the fat fingers of Mrs. Grant.

"I hope I see these fair ladies all well," and the bow this time was intended for Georgy and myself also.

"Very well, your *highness*," replied my friend, with a stress upon the last word, to the short, red-faced, puffing lover.

"I could not possibly get to see you, my charming enslaver, yesterday, I was so busy. In fact, it was excessively inconvenient coming to-day, but we must give up everything for the ladies, you know," and he wiped his face with his white handkerchief, and bowed very low.

"I'm very sorry that you troubled yourself. It wasn't *worth your while*," said Georgy. "Why, Mr. Harvey, there's no knowing how much money you have lost, by leaving the city," and she opened wide her eyes, and looked at him as if appalled at the idea.

"I've lost a great deal by coming here, before to-day, Miss Georgy," and the gallant, rotund little man bowed again.

"How much?" queried his tormentor.

"My whole heart," and the puffy hand went toward the place where it was to be supposed the heart had once been.

"Oh! if it was of any size, it is easily found. I engage that it shall be returned to you in an undamaged state," replied Georgy.

Mrs. Grant shuffled her feet, and cleared her throat, all in vain. The telegraphic lightnings from her eyes were fearful, but Georgy knew better than to look that way. The good woman at last could bear it no longer, and to some saucy reply of her daughter's, she said,

"Georgy is so full of spirits, Mr. Harvey, that you must excuse her. She has run wild since we have been in the country."

"Do not mention it, my dear madam," answered the guest. "I assure you her wit delights me. She is very funny."

"As funny as the cat was that played with the mouse," whispered Georgy to me. "But I cannot stand it any longer. Come up to my room." When there she said,

"Gracious! to think of my marrying such a man as that. He looks like the picture of the

bag of malt "that lay in the house that Jack built," in my old nursery books," and she tossed her bonnet and shawl on the bed as she spoke.

"Who is Walter Bailey, Georgy?" was my pertinent answer to this outburst.

"Why he is; don't look at me, Cad, if you expect me to tell you anything."

I looked out of the window.

"Well he is—to tell you the real truth, I do not know much about him, except that he is the most intelligent, noble-minded man I ever knew."

I was almost guilty of that unlady-like thing, whistling, but prudently forebore, and asked "how did you happen to become acquainted?"

"He's been boarding down at 'The Grove' since sometime in May. We first met, quite unexpectedly, in the woods; then at a picnic got up by the boarders at 'The Grove,' and since then—well, since then we have met every where."

"But *who* is he, Georgy?"

"Walter Bailey, Esq., artist," replied Georgy, proudly.

"Walter Bailey, Esq., artist, does not quite satisfy your father, I suppose."

"Papa liked him very much at first, and invited him here constantly, till Mr. Harvey must interfere, and said that no one knew anything about him, and he was sure that he was an adventurer. Then papa treated him politely, but coldly; and I really believe that he wished he would offer himself to me in order that he might be refused; for, you see, that papa had no excuse for forbidding him to see me as matters stood. But he was always talking about poor artists and literary people, and girls marrying for love and romance, and having to go home to their parents, and quoting the old saw, 'When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'"

"But has he never offered himself to you?" I asked, in astonishment, turning around in spite of her prohibition, for I remembered the scene in the woods.

"Yes, but I could not bear papa's refusal, and cannot disobey him, if he forbids me to see Walter. Ain't I a coward, Carry? Would you have believed it of me?" and I knew that her lips quivered from her voice, though the deepening twilight prevented me from seeing it.

I am afraid, in spite of my womanly predilection for love affairs, that I am eminently practical. However, my first unromantic question was,

"What account does he give of himself?"

"As if I had ever asked him," replied Georgy,

with the true spirit of seventeen. "But he told me, when he offered himself, that he thought he could satisfy papa if I would let him speak to him; but I know papa too well for that, for he wants me to marry that old Harvey and his money chests. But I cannot bear the suspense any longer, Carry; and after I have had the pleasure of refusing the old gentleman again, (for I know he will offer himself the third time) and when he is out of the way, Walter is to speak to papa."

Poor romantic Georgy! How in the superior wisdom of one additional year I pitied her. Why had she not insisted upon knowing, from himself, more about this "Walter Bailey, Esq., artist," as she termed him?

Tea was just ready as we descended to the parlor. Georgy had the tray under her control, for Mrs. Grant was endeavoring to educate her into a suitable wife for the comfort-loving Matthew Harvey. From behind the huge silver coffee urn, Georgy grimaced at every mouthful of muffin and broiled chicken which disappeared down the capacious throat of her admirer. As his heart warmed with these "creature comforts," his spirits rose higher, and he ogled my friend more freely than ever.

"Such an oily, wheezing, gobbling man as *that* for a husband," she whispered to me, as we left the tea-table.

All the next morning we were haunted by Mr. Harvey's presence; for he was to stay two days. At the dinner-table, Georgy touched my foot as her admirer emptied glass after glass of her father's mellow port. His usually rosy face became a purple in its bloom. Even Mr. Grant glanced uneasily from his guest to his daughter.

I preceded Georgy from the dining-room, and was startled by hearing her say, in a voice quivering with passion, "How dare you, sir! Release me this instant."

I looked around, and saw Mr. Harvey with his arm around my friend, endeavoring to kiss her.

"Why, what's the harm—hic—my charmer? You know—hic—that you are going to be—hic—my wife. It's my privilege, you know," and he made another attempt to kiss the girl, whom he still held in his grasp.

With a sudden jerk Georgy wrested herself from him.

"I shall tell papa of this," she said, as she burst into a flood of angry tears.

"But, my charmer, it's my privil—" but we left before we heard the end of the sentence.

"Did you ever know of such an insult?" she asked, as we went up stairs for our bonnets.

"I think papa noticed how he drank at the table. He cannot insist upon my marrying him now, that is one comfort. He has a horror of drunkenness."

We started for our walk, Georgy still trembling with excitement. As we passed by the stables, we saw Dan, a mischievous black imp, riding Mr. Harvey's brown cob to water. He was a privileged little scamp, who hunted eggs, gathered nuts, fed the calves, turned summer-sets, and made himself generally useful and mischievous. As he saw us approach, he showed his white teeth from ear to ear; then placing his brimless straw hat jauntily on one side, he straightened himself up, threw back his shoulders, and presented an admirable black miniature likeness of Mr. Harvey. Georgy and I laughed involuntarily.

The most remarkable feature about the horse was his scanty tail.

"What a splendid switch tail this ere animal has got," said Dan, as he slid from its back when he reached the trough. "All the barbers in the city wants to get it for to make wigs on."

The fellow cast a sly glance at us from the corner of his eye, and saw that we were not displeased.

"Maybe you'd like some to make a wedding ring on, Miss Georgy. I guess I might find most a dozen—they's *very* thick."

Georgy laughed, and we walked on. At last she exclaimed, "Cad, Cad, I've got an idea! If that Matthew Harvey don't have a Precrustean bed to-night, it shall not be my fault. Come back, quick," and without further explanation she dragged me along. Dan was seated, with his face toward the horse's tail, in solemn state as we again approached.

"Dan, you may pull me some of the hairs out of that horse's tail; the very stiffest you can find. Mind, they must be stiff," said Georgy.

"Ya, that I will, Miss Georgy," and the boy slid down like a monkey. He worked with hearty good-will, for he thoroughly disliked Mr. Harvey, who never threw him a sixpence when he opened the gate for him, as most of the visitors did.

As we went to the house my friend explained. The horse-hair was to be cut up in most minute particles, and placed in the sheets of Mr. Harvey's bed. "It will get between the threads and stick up like small spikes. No shaking in the world will rid him of it," said Georgy.

I could not help laughing. Yet I said nevertheless, "But, Georgy, he is your father's guest."

"I tell you, Carry, that I know that obstinate

man better than you do," was the reply. "You need not help."

I did not help, but I saw the stiff hair cut up in most minute particles, and well rubbed into the sheets. Georgy surveyed it with intense satisfaction.

"He will be rather afraid of such a wife as I would make him, I think," she said.

My room was immediately beneath Mr. Harvey's, and that night Georgy slept with me.

In anxious expectation we waited for the first indications of the experiment having taken effect. It seemed an unusually long while before the boots ceased to creak overhead, or the heavy step to be stilled. At last all was silent above. We raised ourselves on our elbows, held our breaths, and listened attentively. Suddenly, there was a bounce on the floor, like the fall of a cannon ball. I could not help laughing. As for Georgy, I thought she would go into convulsions with merriment.

"Hush!" I replied, "he will hear you. There, he is trying to spread up his bed again," for the heavy footsteps were moving quickly around just overhead, where we knew the bed stood. Again there was silence for a moment, and then another bounce on the floor; this time not as if from surprise, but accompanied by a stamp of passion.

"He's muttering 'curses not loud but deep,' I know," whispered Georgy, between spasms of laughter.

We listened attentively. The poor victim had evidently tried his bed the third time; for again came the bump, followed by the infuriated thump on the floor; and we heard him dancing around in passion.

"That must be very much like a war-dance," said Georgy. "What a ludicrous figure, Cad, he must be cutting, up stairs."

Directly, the windows above us were opened, and the sheets shaken, with an energy sufficient to make them useless for the rest of their days.

"It won't do, Mr. Matthew Harvey. Your Procrustus spikes won't shake out," said Georgy, laughing till the tears ran out of her eyes. "You'll kiss me again—won't you?"

It seemed to take sometime to arrange the bed, from the long while we heard the footsteps overhead. A fourth bounce on the floor convinced us that the shaking of the sheets had done no good; and this time the oaths were very distinct. We were now exhausted with laughing.

We never knew how he arranged his bed that night; but suppose that he discarded all the clothing and slept on the mattress; for after a long while all remained still above us.

As for us, we laid awake an hour or two, wondering how the victim would look the next morning; and now that we had time to think of the consequences, wondering also if Mr. Grant would be very implacable.

"To tell you the truth, Carry, I am a little afraid of papa," said Georgy, as we descended the staircase.

We saw Mr. Harvey walking up and down the hall in an ungovernable rage.

"Pray, is it to you, Miss Grant, that I am indebted for the insult which I received last night?" he said.

"What insult, Mr. Harvey?"

"You know very well. Who else would dare to fill my bed with nettles?"

"Indeed, I did not," responded Georgy, gravely.

"Well then, I don't know what in the fiend's name it was; but I shall never darken your doors again, young lady, I can tell you."

Georgy bowed.

"I shall inform your father of it immediately."

"We can enter our complaints together then," was the spirited answer, "for if my father knew how you insulted *me* yesterday, you would not have had the pleasure of staying here all night, I fear," and she bowed and entered the breakfast-room.

All Mr. Harvey's gallantry and vivacity dis-

appeared. He swallowed his breakfast in almost total silence, and without any explanation called for his brown horse, which had unconsciously been used to torture him, and rode off.

Georgy was of too frank a nature to rest long under what she knew to be wrong; so after seeing her admirer pass out of the gate, she joined her father on the lawn and confessed all.

At first he looked both angry and grieved; but as his daughter proceeded in her narrative, her vivid pantomime accompanying her words, smiles and at last laughter broke forth in spite of himself.

That afternoon Walter Bailey called. Georgy ran up stairs and shut herself in her own room till her father called her. I waited for her half an hour, an hour, two hours, till I grew impatient. Just before tea she came to me.

"Oh, Carry, only think," she said, "if I had let Walter speak to papa, sometime ago, it would all have been right. He isn't poor, nor an artist, that is, by profession, but he's quite rich. Isn't it romantic? It seems that he wanted to be married for love and not for his money, so he pretended to be poor. And papa knows all about his family." And she kissed me and danced out of the room.

Last autumn I acted as bridesmaid for Georgy Grant at a social country wedding. Mr. Harvey had been invited, but surlily declined to come.

## THE BOUND GIRL.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 331.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE morning, on which Jane was to have her hearing, found Madame De Mark punctual. The judge, who now knew her, was comparatively deferential; for wealth, even when allied with degradation, is not without power. Besides, her manner, as on the evening before, bespoke considerable knowledge of good society and its usages.

Madame De Mark repeated the conversation, which she had already stated. A lawyer, employed by her, was also in attendance. Jane was without professional aid.

"The case seems clear," said the judge, when Madame De Mark had closed her testimony. "What have you to say? You may speak now," he added, turning to the prisoner.

The girl had frequently interrupted Madame De Mark at first, and until the judge had sternly ordered her, more than once, to keep silence: and now her suppressed rage found words.

"She deserves the state's prison more than I do," cried Jane, white with passion, and looking at Madame De Mark as if she could have wished to stab her to the heart. "She is ten thousand times worse than a thief——"

"Stick to the point," interposed the judge. "The question is not what this lady may, or may not have done; but what proof there is that you did not steal the jewel."

"Proof! Does anybody want proof that she is black-hearted, treacherous, lying, cowardly, a secret murderer?" raved the girl. "Yes! a murderer! She wanted me to commit murder, to let a sweet young creature starve on her sick bed, and tried to bribe me with that very ear-ring. And now she says I stole it."

"Have you any proof of this?"

"Proof? Proof again! What proof is there, but her word, that I took the ear-ring?" said Jane, with quick shrewdness, a thing she was not deficient in, when rage did not over-master her entirely. "My word ought to be as good as hers. She says I stole the ring, and I say she gave it to me; and what proof has she that her story is a bit truer than mine?"

"She swears to it."

"I'll swear to mine."

"That the law does not allow. An accused person cannot be a witness in his or her behalf."

"But the accuser may be a witness for her side?"

"No. It is the commonwealth that prosecutes, and the accuser is only a witness for the state."

Jane broke forth indignantly. "You dare to call this justice. Such pitiful stuff you name 'the wisdom of the law!'" She spoke these last words with bitter scorn. "If some one would come, and swear that you, the judge, had stolen, you'd have to believe 'em, ha! ha!"

"Order!" cried the tipstaff, horrified.

"Order! order!" shouted the equally horrified clerk.

"No, I'll not come to order," she cried, raising her voice to a scream of rage. "It's God's truth, that I'm innocent, and that yonder woman tried to buy me to do murder; and she ought to be here instead of me. You let her swear me into prison, and won't let me swear what a lie it is. You're in league against me, every one of you," and she glared around on the court like a wild beast. "Justice! You call this justice! The devils themselves are more just——"

She was proceeding, in this mad way, when the police-officers, rushing up to her, actually gagged her for the moment, crying, "This can't be. Respect the court. Will you be silent, you jade? We'll gag you completely if you don't hush."

Exhausted by her frantic rage, not less than by her struggle with the officers, Jane soon sank back, panting, and exhausted, in the prisoner's dock. When the decorum of the court had been restored, the case went on again; and as the girl had no testimony to offer, the magistrate bound her over, and in default of bail meantime, committed her to the Tombs again.

In due time, her case came up for trial, when the same testimony was repeated against her. But, on this occasion, no such scene of disorder occurred, as had marked the preliminary exami-



nation. Jane, finding how useless were her re-  
criminations, had now sunk into a sullen silence.  
Only, when asked what she had to say in her  
defence, she repeated her charge against Madame  
De Mark, adding,

"It's as true as there's a God in heaven,  
whether you believe it or not. You take that  
woman's oath, and won't take mine; because  
she's rich, I suppose, and I'm poor. She had  
nobody by to confirm her story any more than I  
had. I don't wonder, with such laws, that your  
state's prison is full."

The judge, however, was not convinced. He  
charged the jury that the jewel was found in her  
possession; that she was a character well known to  
the police; and that the story she told was  
inconsistent with itself. "Still," he added, "you  
are the triars of the fact, gentlemen; and if you  
believe her, and therefore disbelieve Madame De  
Mark, you must acquit." The jury did not even  
leave the box. They had unanimously come to  
the conclusion that the prisoner was guilty, and  
they immediately rendered a verdict to that  
effect. Yet, in after days, more than one of  
them had occasion to remember that trial, and  
their share in it, with bitter remorse.

Jane was sentenced to prison for the full  
period that the law allowed. Madame De Mark's  
serpent-like eyes watched her victim closely,  
while the judge was pronouncing this severe  
sentence; and the momentary spasm, which  
passed over the prisoner's face, was a welcome  
sight to her savage, revengeful heart.

But neither a natural inhumanity, nor revenge  
itself, were the sole feelings gratified by this  
sentence. That night, as Madame De Mark sat  
alone, she rubbed her withered hands together  
with a chuckling laugh, and said to herself,

"I have 'em safe now. The child is dead.  
The girl, who put it out of 'the way, is in a  
state's prison; and even when she gets out, her  
testimony won't be received in any court in this  
country, for convicts, by their English law, are  
not competent witnesses, ha! ha! And this  
Catharine," she added, with sudden bitterness,  
"she's dead, no doubt, by this time. People  
soon die, in New York," she added, with cold-  
blooded ferocity, "if they are starving and deli-  
cate. And even if she's alive yet, she's had to  
get her living, no doubt of it, in a way that will  
disgrace her forever." She rubbed her hands  
again with savage glee, and her eyes fairly  
emitted light in the darkness. "To boast she  
had married my son! I'll teach 'em all to cross  
my path. I'll teach 'em. I'll teach 'em."

Mumbling this, she went about her room, pre-  
paratory to retiring, in order to see again that

all the fastenings were safe. Nor was her sleep,  
that night, broken by remorseful dreams, as  
might have been supposed. God's time had not  
come yet; if, indeed, it was to come in this  
world. But that it would come, some day, who  
can doubt, for hath not Holy Writ declared  
"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will  
repay."

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN the members of the board had all  
assembled, Catharine was again subjected to  
the ordeal of an examination. This repetition  
of what seemed to her an uncalled for curiosity  
was almost more than she could endure; and if  
it had not been for the kind Methodist, Mrs.  
Barr, who continually interfered in her behalf,  
she would, more than once, have broken down  
in a passion of tears.

"You can retire, now, to the adjoining room,"  
said the Lady Philanthropist, at last. "Mean-  
time, we will take your case into consideration.  
But," she added, looking around on her fellow  
members, "it is not clear to me, by any means,  
that you are a deserving object of our charity.  
You appear to have a thoroughly hard and un-  
grateful heart, and to want that penitence so  
becoming in one who has sinned so greatly."

Poor Catharine! When she found herself  
alone, she could no longer restrain herself, but  
sobbed till the chair on which she sat shook  
under her.

"Oh! if I could find anything to do—any  
where—no matter with whom," she cried, in  
broken accents, "I would leave this cruel place,  
this moment." And she took her hands from  
her eyes, and looked around, half rising, as if  
about to go. "But no! no!" she said, sitting  
down once more, and burying her face again.  
"I cannot be a burden on those poor Irish  
people any longer. I must stay away, even if I  
starve. I must put up with any indignity. Oh!  
George, George," she continued, "could you but  
know what I have suffered."

The hum of voices, in the adjoining room,  
occasionally increased to almost an altercation.  
But Catharine, absorbed by grief, did not notice  
this. She remained, silently sobbing, for quite  
half an hour, when her attention was suddenly  
aroused by a hand laid upon her shoulder.

She looked up. The kind Methodist lady,  
who had interceded for her, stood before her.  
Ignorant as Catharine was that Mary Margaret  
had met this good woman in the hall, yet the  
motherly face, the plain, unpretending manner,  
and those words of benevolent intercession, had

the forlorn girl, that, if she had a friend in the world besides the humble Irish nurse, that friend was now before her. She looked up, with an attempt at a smile, therefore; but it was such a faint, sickly smile, that her visitor's heart ached to see it.

"My poor child!" said the old lady.

The tears gushed to Catharine's eyes. There was sympathy, and the promise of aid, in the very tones. Long had it been since she had seen so kind a countenance, or heard such soothing language, except from the untutored Mary Margaret.

"My name is Mrs. Barr," said the lady, after a pause. "I am disposed to be your friend. Would you like to go and live with me?"

Catharine's face lighted up, as if she had been transfigured. Emotion prevented her, at first, from speaking. But she grasped the hand, held out to her, between both of her own; and almost devoured it with kisses, sobbing outright as she did this.

"There, there," said Mrs. Barr, with tears in her own eyes, "I am but a poor, human creature; and not worthy of such gratitude. Nor is it much I can do for you, either, my child. I am not blessed with a superfluity of this world's goods. But what I have, that you shall share, at least till we can look about for something better."

"God will repay you, dear madam," said Catharine, solemnly. Then she added, inquiringly, "I am not to be helped by the society."

"No, my dear."

"I am so thankful."

Mrs. Barr shook her head.

"My child," she said, "it is natural for you to speak so, but I fear it is wrong nevertheless. My colleagues mean well, at least I hope so," she added, quickly, "but experience has made them suspicious, for they are continually being deceived. Some of them, I fear, have no tact in reading character," she added, soothingly, "and judge every one to be an impostor till their innocence is proved. Such, however, is not my way. Our Saviour, when on earth, taught us infinite charity. I like your face, too. I believe you innocent." Oh! what a look of thankfulness Catharine gave her at these words. "So let us dismiss this subject now, and forever. I can't bring the members to think as I do; for the lady you first saw is prejudiced against you, and has filled the others with her suspicions; but as I have taken an interest in you, you shall not suffer. Come home with me. I have some sewing I want done, and when that is finished, God, perhaps, will find an opening for you, if we trust in Him. Shall it be so, my dear?"

If there were only more such people, in this world, as that good Methodist woman, how many poor creatures, almost driven to despair, might be made happy. Catharine said this to herself, again and again, as she followed Mrs. Barr home. It was not an elegant residence, scarcely even what would be called a comfortable one, but it was clean and tidy, cheerful and neat; and Catharine felt that she had found a haven, at least for the present, and for the future she trusted in God, as good Mrs. Barr had so hopefully bade her do.

"This is the only apartment I have to give you," said that lady, as she ushered Catharine into an attic, freshly white-washed, with a bed of spotless snow in one corner, "but it has the advantage of having no other occupant. I keep but one servant, who sleeps in the adjoining attic; she is a middle-aged, kind-hearted woman, who will never interfere with, and may often be of assistance to you. To-day shall be a holiday for you, as you look worn out; so we will put off work till to-morrow. You may either rest here, or go to see your friend, whom I met in the hall; perhaps it would ease her mind to know you were cared for, at least for a time."

Catharine felt as if a new world was opened to her. It was not only that the fear of actual starvation was past, but that the motherly manner of Mrs. Barr had restored faith and hope to her heart, both of which had been nearly shipwrecked. Would we could all recollect, that, in bestowing charity, words of kind encouragement often go further than our alms even; for while the latter only relieve present necessities, the former restore new energy to the fainting wayfarer on life's stony highway.

So completely exhausted were Catharine's physical powers, that when Mrs. Barr had left her, she sank down helplessly on the bed. She intended, however, to rest a little while only, a half an hour or so, and then to set forth for Mary Margaret's. But almost immediately she sank into a deep sleep, which lasted for nearly three hours; and when this was over, she found, on going down stairs, that the hour for dinner had come. The meal being over, she started, at last, for the humble dwelling of the Irish nurse.

"Shure, and you look like another craythur, darlint," were Mary Margaret's words, before Catharine could speak. "They did the dacent thing for ye'es, at last, thin, the saints bless them for that same! But come in and see the childer'. The poor baby, would ye belave it, has pined for ye'es, all day."

When Catharine came to tell her story in full, Mary Margaret broke out into an eloquent

invective against the society, but especially against the Lady Philanthropist. Catharine, however, checked her, repeating what Mrs Barr had said.

"Well, well, darlint," was the reply, "she's a good woman, shure she is; and may the sun always shine about her steps. So we'll say nothing, for her sake, consarnin' the others—the decaateful, hypocritical—well, well, I've stopped, intirely."

The happiness of Catharine was complete when she held the strange infant again in her arms. As she looked down on its innocent face, the old yearning toward it returned to her. She thought of the one she had lost, and said to herself, "Oh! if I could but keep this." But immediately she added, "Yet why do I thus repine? God has been infinitely good to me. Let me accept the blessings He has sent, and not be so

ungrateful as to wish for more. He knows, better than I do, whether it was best for my dear infant to return to Him, or stay here, perhaps to grow up to even a worse fate than mine: and His will, therefore be done. But I must go now, baby, for it's a long walk back. I'll come to see you all," she added, "whenever I can; and always on Sunday, remember that."

Thus it was that Catharine, deserted by her husband, persecuted by his family, and cast off by her own connexions, found a home with one who was a stranger to her, and a solace in the infant of some nameless mother, who had died at Bellevue. In this haven, temporarily secure from the storms of life, and as happy as one in her desolate situation could be, we leave, for the present, her whom we have so long known as THE BOUND GIRL.

THE END.